

Is anybody winning  
the trading  
stamp war?

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

How loneliness can  
wreck your life

CLYDE GILMOUR picks  
the best movies of '59

# MACLEAN'S

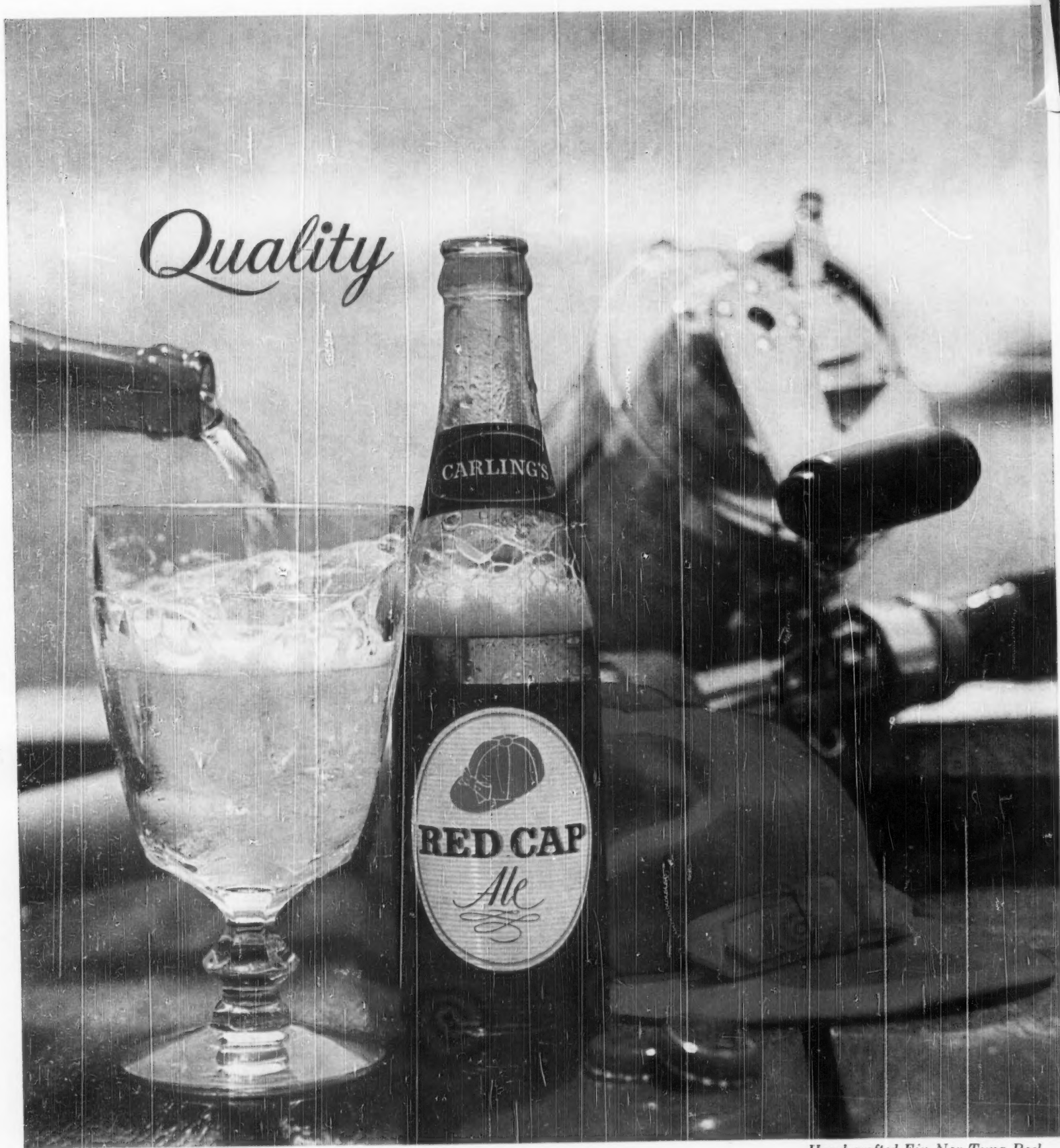
COVER BY GABRIEL BASTIEN

JANUARY 2, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS





*Hand crafted Fin-Nor Tuna Reel.*

Red Cap sets the pace in pleasure with full-bodied flavour. Always cast for Red Cap . . . and pleasure!

# CARLING'S RED CAP

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 2, 1960



MACLEAN'S

# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- How they're brewing a new party over coffee
- Will prairie cows boast movie-star smiles?

**IF ALL CANADIANS AREN'T BILINGUAL**, at least a good many future actors will be. They'll be "graduates" (with no degrees) of a new theatre school. For more than a year, a committee including Montreal's Gratien Gélinas and Toronto actor-director Powys Thomas has been drawing up blueprints. The school, teaching both acting and technical theatre in both English and French, will be set up most of the year in Montreal but in summer will move lock, stock and faculty to Stratford, Ont. Want to go? You'll have to qualify in one of a series of cross-country interviews and — if you want to act — be not much over 21.

**CANADA'S "THIRD" POLITICAL PARTY**, widely touted as purely a marriage of farm and labor, is aiming to whip up interest in some other fields. Its national committee (10 men from the CCF; 10 from the CLC) has hired Desmond Sparham, a 38-year-old Briton, to organize "new party clubs" among ethnic and neighborhood groups (mostly housewives' Kaffeeklatsches) and such occupations as doctors, lawyers, teachers and social workers.



**IF A COW GIVES YOU A STEELY GRIN** next summer, don't faint. The steel will be just that — stainless, too — used as false teeth. It could be the solution to a multi-million-dollar problem facing western cattlemen: tough grass wears down cows' lower front teeth and they can't eat, or drink cold water. This summer, after much experimenting, a Nebraska dentist "capped" a cow for \$15. In three weeks, she'd gained 35 pounds. He's already got 10,000 orders.



**SOME HINTERLAND BUSH CAMPS** will be seeing live theatre this winter. Leon Major, 26-year-old Toronto-born director, still licking his wounds from the \$17,000 flop of his off-Broadwayish Hamlet of Stepey Green in Toronto, will take a troupe of three actors and two musicians to northern Ontario in February. They'll do one-night stands in small towns and lumber camps.

**INSTEAD OF A LUNCH PAIL**, tomorrow's workingman will likely just take a little extra change to work. He'll put it into a machine that serves up soup and a hot three-dish meal. Several large companies have already installed similar machines. They're scattered around Massey-Ferguson's Toronto plant so workers don't have to go to the cafeteria.

## SINGING ADS WILL GET EASIER ON THE EAR

**MAYBE** you'd better not turn down the volume when the commercial comes on, after all. You could well be missing some of the best — and highest-priced — entertainment on radio and TV.

Heeding, at last, the rocks and ribbings thrown for years at singing commercials, more and more advertisers will be trying to make them more palatable by introducing some or all of these changes.

**Hit tunes:** A German immigrant recently surprised Toronto composer Maurice Rapkin by singing the rumba commercial for People's Credit Jewelers in German. He'd picked it up during the war, thought it was a Canadian folk song. Rapkin wrote that tune 20 years ago and, with 65 daily playings across Canada, it may still be our most successful jingle. But, says Rapkin, who's written more

than 1,000, all jingles will soon be aiming for hit status.

Your chances of writing a smash jingle are about as small as those of you writing a hit-parade leader. Rapkin's probably the only man in Canada who earns a living writing words and music — mostly to specifications — for advertisers. He gets \$300 a tune and only now has



BOOSTERS HAHN & WRIGHT



BOOSTER VAL WAKE

## WHAT CHANCE A NEW PROVINCE?

Peace River district still a contender

**IT'S TEN YEARS** now since Canada added a new province and nearly nine since some disgruntled Lakeheaders quit agitating for an eleventh there. (One reason that campaign died: Pulp-miller Edward E. Johnson withdrew his financial support from the New Province League when the Ontario government gave him the timber rights he'd been needing for.)

But this year there's been a rebirth of plumping for a new province to be carved out of Peace River country in B.C., Alberta and the Northwest Territories. What are the chances they'll make it?

Pretty slim. This drive started in August, when bearded Val Wake, Australian-born editor of the twice-weekly Dawson Creek (B.C.) Star, was searching for a front-page line. Almost offhandedly, he suggested it was time for a new province, with its capital in Fort Vermilion, Alta., a placid farming community 250 miles up the Mackenzie highway.

The story, and an accompanying map, brought a hearty reaction. "We've been waiting for this for a long time,"

said Chamber of Commerce president Erick Erickson. "It's a great boost," chirped his counterpart from Fort Vermilion.

Though even many locals were lukewarm ("Too big a league for us," said the Grand Prairie Chamber of Commerce) Wake, onto a good thing, kept plugging. The Star has been running a contest for names. But suggestions so far — "North Star," "Peace River Province" — haven't been suitable, he told Maclean's. And when Transport Minister George Hees hit Dawson Creek on this year's summer swing, Wake's first question was about his idea. Hees said he'd take it up with Justice Minister Davie Fulton but neither will comment on the proposal now.

If Ottawa's not taking the Peace River proposal too seriously, what will be our next province?

One tip: Prime Minister Diefenbaker told the Whitehorse (Yukon) Board of Trade this fall that he looks forward to the Yukon and NWT as new provinces — "before Canada celebrates her 100th birthday."

— JIM BOWES

## OPERA TO WATCH

All about a Stratford flower

**WRITING OPERAS** by mail isn't a trend yet, but at least one city will soon see an all-Canadian work that was created that way. It's Night Blooming Cereus, with a libretto by James Reaney, the 33-year-old University of Manitoba professor who's won the governor-general's poetry medal twice. The composer is John Beckwith, 32, who's been a friend of Reaney's since their student days at University of Toronto, where Beckwith now teaches music.

Nearly five years ago, Reaney shipped his libretto off to Beckwith. They worked together by airmail:

"Remember Mrs. Brown's not the lacy type."

"Can you make these lines less regular?"

Last year, CBC Wednesday Night picked up the opera as a commissioned work. But when critics and listeners clamored to

see it, the Canada Council kicked in \$1,000. It will play two nights in Toronto in April. After that? They're hoping for Stratford, Reaney's home town and the setting of the opera, whose plot focuses on the reaction of small-town characters to the blooming of the flower.

Reaney's folksy, frolicsome script will be directed by Pamela Terry, Beckwith's actress-wife, who once directed the winner of a Dominion Drama Festival. Reaney will see some rehearsals and will perform a masque "about life and death" on the same program as the hour-long opera.

Meanwhile, Reaney's first play, The Killdeer, will get its first production in Toronto this month. Director: Pamela Terry.

Next project: Another Reaney-Beckwith opera, this time based on a rural shivaree.

— MARGARET GAYFER



REANEY, TERRY, BECKWITH

An April blooming

Big names, slick tunes / Message works while you whistle

finagled a "royalty." Real money-makers are the performers. They get a minimum of \$50 for a TV "spot" and \$50 for every 13 weeks it's played.

Other trends:

**Better arrangements:** More singing commercials will be treated like Esso's Saturday night hockey theme. It's been recorded by the Ray Charles Singers as a Dixieland jump, whistling march and a rumba. The tune's so catchy that one army and five school bands have asked for copies.

**Softer sell:** Writers are now being asked to leave the name of the product till near the end.

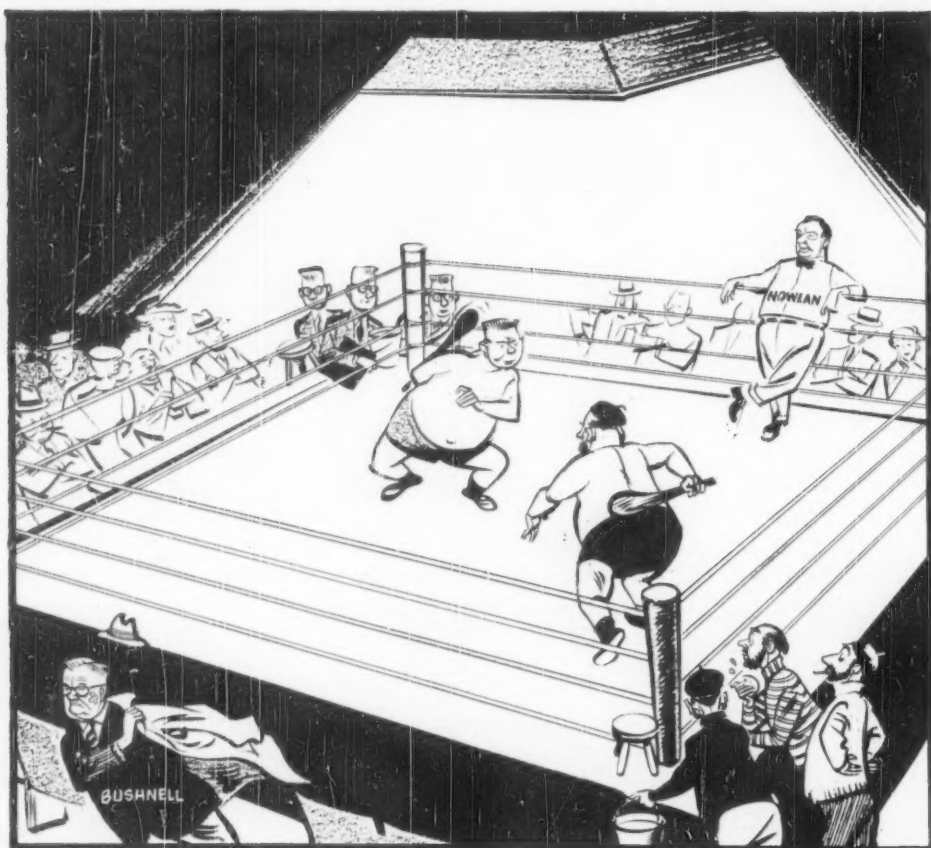
**Fewer words:** "If you hear a child humming the melody, you're in," says Dorothy Deane, a Toronto singer who's done over 500 commercials. Records of the new Rothmans cigarette jingle—wordless jazz

on one side, wordless swing on the other — are being given away. "People will associate Rothmans with it and play it over and over," says the copy director of Rothmans' agency.

**Bigger names:** Shell Oil's latest is a sing-along-with-Mitch Miller. Stars have been used before, of course. Priscilla Wright, then a 14-year-old London, Ont., protegee (now a second-year University of Toronto student) is the squeaky voice on "I'll take Bromo for fast relief," and the lilt-ing serenader of Pink Liquid Vel. Her father wrote both tunes. CBC star Joyce Hahn, whose brother is a Montreal jingle-entrepreneur, calls the 400 commercials she's made in five years her bread and butter. "They're getting better," says Miss Hahn. "People don't want that terrible stuff pushed down their throats any more." —SHIRLEY MAIR

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## WITH BLAIR FRASER



The network's "organization men" and producing staff are squaring off in one tussle within the CBC.

## THE COMING SHOWDOWN AT THE CBC

### Who'll fill the power vacuum Bushnell left?

ERNEST BUSHNELL's resignation as executive vice-president of the CBC will not resolve, and may even accentuate, the inner tensions that have racked the corporation since Chairman Davidson Dunton left it eighteen months ago. More changes in the upper ranks are a certainty, more departures a strong possibility. The question is, who will go where?

The fuss last summer over Preview Commentary, and the alleged threat that "heads would roll" unless the program were canceled, left a misleading impression. It is not true, as many people suppose, that the stress is only a contest of will between the CBC and the government, with a timid CBC management caving in from time to time under political pressure. In fact the areas of tension are many, and they overlap. There is chronic tension within the ranks of CBC's top management, between management and the producing staff, and between management and the CBC board of directors (of which

President Alphonse Ouimet is still a member but no longer chairman). At any moment the government may be caught in the cross-fire of these various belligerents, and ministers are increasingly bored and exasperated by this addition to their normal occupational hazards, but the direct tension between government and CBC is probably the least acute of the lot.

Certainly there was no ill will between Bushnell and George Nowlan, the minister who reports to parliament for the CBC. Nowlan is a steadfast friend who stood by him loyally through the storm in the broadcasting committee, and who advised him against leaving the CBC at age fifty-nine to set up a business of his own. So far as Nowlan was concerned, Bushnell could have stayed with the CBC until he retired six years hence. If he did feel himself pushed out, the pressure came not from the government but from inside the CBC.

During his two-month furlough after the parliamentary committee hearings, the reins of power in CBC management were taken out of Bushnell's hands by some of the men who became vice-presidents in the reorganization last autumn. By the time he resigned, the tug-of-war between the main factions in CBC management was by-passing Ernie Bushnell altogether.

These factions are fluid and hard to define, but one is mostly program men. The other comprises the CBC's "organization men," people who don't actually produce any broadcasting material or contribute to it in any way, but who are steeped in the mystique of modern American management and who can talk its peculiar language. The deadlock between these two groups has kept vacant the key post of vice-president for programs and sales.

Bushnell's departure creates a new vacancy, and also introduces a new dimension. The CBC now has half a dozen vice-presidents for this and for

that, but Ernie Bushnell was the vice-president, the one who is specified in the Broadcasting Act and appointed by the Governor-in-Council. Whoever replaces Bushnell will get no mere CBC promotion but a government commission, and the weight of that appointment may well be decisive in the CBC's internal struggle for power. So far as reporters can learn no suitable candidate for the job has yet been located, but when the man is found there will have to be some kind of a showdown. The government is deeply dissatisfied with the present condition of the CBC.

Cabinet ministers deny any wish to mold CBC programs, but they do want a closer and more penetrating look at CBC finances and operating methods. That was why they appointed R. L. Dunsmore, retired president of Champion Oil, to the board of directors. As chairman of the board's finance committee, Dunsmore was to make a quiet survey and perhaps suggest a few improvements. But after the fracas of last summer, Dunsmore replaced CBC President Alphonse Ouimet as chairman of the board itself, and since then the relations between the two men have been strained.

In Halifax last autumn they had almost a public quarrel, when at a civic luncheon Chairman Dunsmore was seated in the place of honor and President Ouimet was relegated to the host's left hand. There have been other incidents, less noticeable but equally bitter. Rumors are abroad that Dunsmore has already threatened to resign, and has with difficulty been persuaded to stay for a few more months.

This sort of thing makes the government impatient, but also rather hesitant. Obviously it would do no good to rush the appointment of a strong man as Bushnell's successor, only to create a deadlock. Neither is there any wish for the opposite extreme, a pliable vice-president who would simply help Ouimet to maintain the *status quo*. Some changes are desired.

On one of his preliminary surveys a few months ago Chairman Dunsmore said to a CBC employee: "Tell me now, what do you do?"

The man gave his title — an imposing one, but vague.

"What does that mean?" Dunsmore asked.

"I'm afraid I don't quite know, sir," the honest man replied. When Dunsmore left the studio an hour or two later, his parting words were: "Better find out what that title of yours means."

Anecdotes like this are told to illustrate why the government wants some changes made. They don't mean that the changes would have to be revolutionary, still less that vast amounts of the taxpayers' money are being wasted on worthless jobs. But it is true that several CBC men, including some very able ones, have been unaccountably shunted into blind alleys of the corporation while others, less able, hold positions of power. To correct this situation would save little money, but it would do much for CBC morale and perhaps something for CBC programs.

The unsolved problem is, how to tighten up the CBC and bring a general restoration of confidence without another shattering explosion, like the one of last June. The conviction is growing here, both inside and outside the corporation, that the present situation cannot go on much longer — something will have to give. But just what will be done, and just who will be asked to do it, are matters not yet revealed. ★



## BACKSTAGE WITH FIREWATER

Now Eskimos and Indians drink in the NWT. But only because a peppery judge laid down the law

WHEN THE STAID Canada Gazette announced in November that the 15,000 Indians in the Northwest Territories were granted "full" liquor rights, few Canadian newspapers paid more than two-paragraph attention. And most Canadians, if they thought about it at all, saw the announcement as just one more sign of the inevitable march of civilization.

In fact, it was the latest—and perhaps final—loop in a legal and political tangle that's been confusing and irritating northerners for years.

Since 1956, a Territorial ordinance had prohibited from buying liquor all Indians and Eskimos except Eskimos who lived in year-round settlements. What that really meant was only Eskimos in Kklavik, in the Mackenzie River delta — the only northern settlement with both a permanent Eskimo population and a liquor store.

And, as a further complication, man's "race" is established in the Territories by his father. So

northern liquor stores were often crowded with brown-skinned descendants of white fathers while blond, blue-eyed descendants of white mothers sulked outside.

Two years ago, the NWT council, faced with growing criticism, tried to save face by allowing Eskimos and Indians to drink beer in beer parlors. The catch: there were only two beer parlors in the whole Territories, one at Hay River, one at Yellowknife and only about 300 Indians in each town and no Eskimos except a few under-age students.

The situation enraged people like Knut Lang, Kklavik trader and elected member of the NWT council, who demanded in 1958 that the council "give the natives their rights."

Few men have fought as staunchly for those rights as peppery Mr. Justice John Howard Sissons of the Territorial Court. And last April, with the Union Jack flying outside his makeshift courtroom in Cambridge Bay, he

summarily dismissed a charge of illegally consuming liquor laid against Luke Otokiak, an Eskimo. The 1956 ordinance, Sissons ruled, was ultra vires of the council. Only the Dominion could have passed such a law.

As soon as the word spread, Mounties stopped charging Eskimos. With the situation more confused than ever, the council put the case to the federal cabinet — which must ratify all council legislation.

And, on Nov. 26, the Gazette carried the announcement. "Only fair," noted Merv Hardie, Liberal MP for Mackenzie. "But there are many questions about natives more important than their liquor rights."

Justice Sissons may have hit on another one that same day in April. He also threw out a charge of illegally hunting musk-ox, laid against another Cambridge Bay Eskimo. That ruling was based on a royal proclamation of 1763 which gave the Eskimos the right to hunt at will.

## Backstage IN DIPLOMACY

How cocktails keep the wheels (but not the envoys) well oiled

EYEBROWS COCKED in surprise, Ottawa newspapermen wondered last summer if Prime Minister Diefenbaker's precedential serving of tea-and-coffee only at his annual press reception heralded a new dry era for the capital. Now, with the social season under full steam, they're getting their answer. With very few follow-the-leader exceptions (such as Young PCs at a convention party), it's a hearty no.

Cocktail parties — there are about 500 a year — remain an integral and important part of Ottawa life. Industrial groups and lobbyists, like the Canadian Chamber of Commerce or the Shoe Information Bureau, throw dozens. So do scores of politicians. But the backbone of the cocktail circuit is Ottawa's 51-mission diplomatic corps.

"Parties," says opposition leader and former minister of external affairs Lester Pearson, "give you

an occasion for receiving — and inadvertently giving — most important information. They can also give you a headache."

For both those reasons, few diplomats dare drink much. "If you want to stay in the service, you'd better nurse one rye and water all evening," one young attache told Maclean's. There's always plenty available — though you have to wait for a rented waiter to serve you. Accredited diplomats get liquor duty-free, at about \$1.25 for 40 ounces. (Cigarettes are nine cents a pack.)

Biggest party of the year is always the French embassy's Bastille Day celebration, with more than 1,000 guests. Other missions, such as one-man Cuba or Iceland, hold much smaller gatherings. The Russians, with a staff of 30 (one fewer than the U.S.), are "average" entertainers.

Junior diplomats go to about 70 parties a year. Seniors may get to



more than 150. At the height of the winter season, few have an evening off.

Because residences are smaller than they used to be and servants are scarcer, diplomatic parties are growing less formal. Almost always guests wear business suits.

Ottawa parties run about two hours. There's seldom any "entertainment." It cuts down the talk. In world circles, Canada's capital rates about average socially — way behind Moscow or Washington. Diplomats compare it with Oslo or The Hague.

Can non-drinkers stand the gaff? External Affairs Minister Howard Green, a teetotaler, told Maclean's: "I'd drunk so much orange juice I was turning rusty inside. I've switched to tomato juice."

—KLAUS NEUMAN

## Backstage IN EDUCATION

J. B. Wylie's

one-man  
drive for  
better scholars



WITH ONE EYE on Russia's swirling sputniks, almost every Canadian educator can suggest at least one panacea for our real or imagined classroom ills: tougher courses, higher pay for teachers, or simply bigger and slicker schools. But few are doing as much to boost academic standards as J. B. Wylie, unassuming principal of Toronto's Bloor Collegiate.

In the five years that Wylie's been running little Bloor (its enrolment of 720 is the city's lowest) marks have gone steadily up. Last spring, 59 students wrote senior matric exams. All but five got their diplomas and an astounding 97 of every 100 papers written earned pass marks (Ontario's average: under 80). Bloor students won 28 scholarships worth over \$21,000.

How's it done? Well first, many Bloor students are New Canadians, with built-in study habits. But most important is Wylie's own uncompromising zeal in dragging brilliant performances out of able students and better than average out of most.

Freshmen find out how things stand on their first day. "Anyone here who wants to go to university will get there," Wylie pledges. If a grade-niner gets 75% at Christmas, he's swooped into an accelerated class that does Ontario's five-year high-school course in four. Honor students fill out a questionnaire on why they're doing well ("Has being an honor student made you unpopular?"). Their names are enshrined under glass in the rotunda and Wylie reads them out at assemblies and parent-teacher meetings.

"The scholars have their day—just like football players," he says.

With every report card, Wylie sends a personal letter to the parents, commenting on the student's achievement and ruling out at least one excuse by noting that the staff will give the student all the extra help he needs. "Some parents are selfish," he says. "They watch TV and expect their children to work."

When a student gets to grade 12 or 13, his parents get another letter: "... Any pupil of average ability can reasonably expect to pass if he does three hours homework every school day ..."

Wylie thumps the drum for financial help wherever he can. He's coaxed scholarships out of his Kiwanis Club and the Bloor Businessmen's Association. And he's also among their most fervent workers when they're raising money.

The principal's enthusiasm often rubs off on Bloor pupils. "He plugs everything," says students' council president Carolyn Nagata.

What's inspired such devotion? Forced out of a medical course by the depression, Wylie took up public-school teaching, picking up college science by mail. Then as a teacher at Toronto's Riverdale Collegiate he watched promising students quit school to work. "No more than three graduates of Riverdale went to university in the depression," he recalls.

## Background

### MORE HELP FOR STRATFORD

With U.S. visitors supplying 20% of its ticket revenue already, Canada's Stratford Festival has a new reason to smile southward. The Treasury Department ruled this fall that gifts from U.S. citizens are now income-tax deductions.

### WHO LIES MOST?

If you don't lie about your age you may get some ammunition for domestic ribbing from the results of a

survey conducted by a New York doctor. Testing 151 people, he found: From 18 to 25, no one lied about his age. Over 50, no females and only one male did. In the 30-50 group, more men than women subtracted years. But when women did lie, they told whoppers.

### APPLES AS TOOTHBRUSHES

Whatever it does to the doctor, an apple a day could keep the dentist away. Two British researchers, searching for new ways to cut down tooth decay, had one group of children eat a piece of apple after every meal. Result: about half as many cavities as a control group.

### KELP FOR COWS

Some Nova Scotia cows and chickens will soon be getting their dinner out of the Atlantic. An international Dutch firm, Bonda Foods Ltd., has begun processing four types of seaweed (kelp, Irish moss, dulse, rockweed) as cattle and poultry feed.

### RETURN TO RICHES

While the literary press pours scorn on novelist Grace Metalious' Return to Peyton Place, they're missing a chance to comment on a deeper issue. Miss Metalious wrote the



GRACE

sequel because of a "sequel clause" in 20th-Century Fox's purchase of movie rights to Peyton Place. When Fox insisted on their rights, she'd already finished a second novel, Tight White Collar. Now it's in storage till next summer.

### SPEEDED-UP SAFETY

How many traffic accidents does speed really cause? Albertans have new evidence since the limit on No. 2 Highway from Calgary to Edmonton was upped to 65 (from 60) mph last July. Findings: on divided sections, the accident rate went down but it rose on undivided stretches. Over all, there were fewer accidents.

## Editorial

### A resolution worth keeping in 1960: keep as calm as possible

**MR. JOSEPH ALSOP**, the distinguished political reporter who makes the whole world his beat, recently came home to Washington from the edge of Red China and surveyed his own country with his usual gloomy exasperation.

This time, what upset him were the "orgies of self-doubt and self-pity" that he found in his native land. Because "a minor academic four-flusher was revealed as less than honest on a TV quiz show," people talked as if "all morals and all decency were dead in the United States." Because there had been some outward flow of gold from the vast hoard in Fort Knox, "You might have supposed that the richest and most fortunate nation in history was tottering on the brink of total bankruptcy."

Fresh from his interviews with refugee peasants who had been existing on the monetary equivalent of three cents a day in Communist China, Mr. Alsop found all this rather hard to take. He called upon his countrymen to stop whining, and instead to "pull up our socks" and undertake "greater efforts and sacrifices" to ensure American security and leadership in the free world.

The emotional coherence of his conclusion obscures its lack of logic. Mr. Alsop's reasoning is exactly that of a saintly aunt who used to exhort us, many years ago, to eat up our dinner and not leave scraps because "just think of all the poor little boys who would be glad to have the food you children are wasting."

In fact, of course, the poor little boys were equally hungry whether we ate our dinner or not, and the Chinese peasants are unaffected either by the morals of American television or the pampering of the American taxpayer. What the Western world needs today is not "greater efforts and sacrifices," but a clear definition of the purposes for which efforts and sacrifices should be made.

Mr. Alsop thinks the efforts and sacrifices should be to enlarge and accelerate the defense program of the Western alliance. This seems to us not only sterile but dangerous. Armament racing never kept the peace, gives no promise of keeping it now, and contains a threat of racial suicide that did not exist even in Hitler's time.

The conventional alternative, "more foreign aid," is more promising but it is not fully adequate either. Some of the world's worst trouble spots are in no urgent need of money—Iran, for example, or Iraq. Other countries, desperately poor, seem unable to use financial help because of internal confusion bordering on anarchy. To these problems there is no quick solution, no matter what efforts and sacrifices we may make.

But as new years go, 1960 looks reasonably hopeful. International tensions have grown no worse, have even eased a little. Famine and plague have not been abolished but neither have they increased. It seems to us that in this situation what the world needs is not so much a sense of urgency as a sense of calm, a renewal of patience, a maintenance of courage without excitement, and wariness without hostility. And in all these respects the nations have gone forward, not back, during the year just ending.

## Mailbag

- Would top-of-the-world watchers prevent war?
- How to entertain a governor-general
- "Shoot generals and their memoirs to the moon"

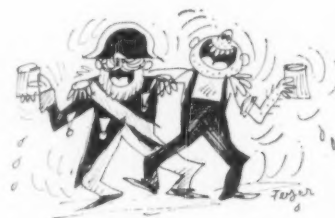
**LET THE RUSSIANS** Use The DEW Line Too (For the sake of argument, Dec. 5) is one of the most sensible ideas that I have heard of since the cold war began. It helps to provide a defense policy not just for Canada and the U.S. but for the whole world. If there was an election for minister of defense, I would certainly vote for W. H. Pope. —E. H. DOWKER, KITIMAT, B.C.

➤ Pope's suggestion makes sense. If we have observers from both sides sitting "on top" watching improper movements from both sides in our present ideological struggle the dangers of war will be greatly lessened. As for civil defense—we in Vancouver saw a man climb the First Narrows Bridge and tie up the whole lower mainland. What would happen if an enemy destroyed our two main bridges? —CARL ERICKSON, SOUTH BURNABY, B.C.

#### Further tales of a car-tow

In your Canadianecdoter (The great Canadian car-tow, Nov. 7) you mention of the man that took the engineless car from coast to coast having run out of funds. He allegedly met the governor-general of Canada in Pincher Creek, Alberta. I wish to correct that statement being cognizant of the details of how he met the governor and obtained funds.

Being stranded in the town of Nanton, Alberta, a mutual friend and myself, the undersigned, were in a garage at Nanton opening a bottle of Oh-



be-joyful entertaining the man when the large doors of the garage opened. From it entered a man, James B. Cross, manager of A7 ranch and Calgary Brewing, who we invited to partake with us. He said, "I'm sorry I can't, the governor is with me." Thinking it might be his father, A. E. Cross, I invited him to have a drink.

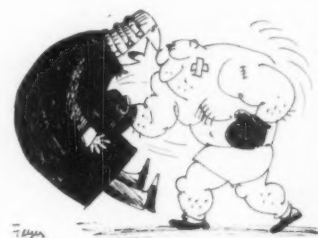
From the car emerged a huge Englishman, the Governor-General Lord Willingdon. Upon being asked if he would care for a drink, he said, "How by jove an excellent idea" . . . We proceeded to introduce him to the man with the engineless car, whereupon he bought a postcard from said man paying him \$5 and writing on the same a greeting to the lieutenant-governor of B.C. The man immediately proceeded on his way to Victoria where he delivered the governor-general's postcard to the lieutenant-governor of B.C. where he was very courteously received.

Should this chance to catch the eye of the man herein mentioned, I would appreciate hearing from him. The place that we met Governor-General Will-

ingdon was Nanton, Alberta, and not Pincher Creek.—JIM M. RYAN, HIGH RIVER, ALTA.

#### "Greatest infighter?"

Re Peter Newman's little article about Van Horne, the rebel (Backstage, Dec. 5), may I make an exception by commenting as follows: I never said, nor uttered in any way, that I was "cham-



pion infighter of the Commons." Back in 1957, Richard Jackson, a Press Gallery reporter, said in an article: "Van Horne has quickly become the greatest infighter . . ." He also called me "the hatchet man of the Tory Party," and a lot of other things. In the '57 campaign, which followed, some of these quotes were used by party organizers—but I never said them. The word "peanuts" in referring to an MP's salary is another word I never used. I have said, however, that politics is often a quick road to the poor house.—J. C. VAN HORNE, MP, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

#### Lions and giants

You deserve congratulations on your scoop of Viscount Alanbrooke's war memoirs (Oct. 24, Nov. 7, Nov. 21). Field-Marshal Montgomery's waspish ones are picayune compared with the dirty linen that Alanbrooke washes in his Monday-morning-quarterback opinions about his former friends and comrades in the war. Everyone is apparently wrong but Alanbrooke; he was perfect. This type of book is bound to do grave harm to British and American relations at this critical time . . . "Let the dead past bury its dead."—A. J. REYNOLDS, TORONTO.

➤ Alanbrooke's article, A Lion At Bay (Nov. 7) is written in poor taste and it seems to me a deliberate attempt to sabotage the good names of Churchill, Monty and President Eisenhower.—MRS. ALICE IRWIN, WHITE ROCK, B.C.

➤ Let's stop publishing such eyewash. It only prolongs the argument. Who knows better than the Germans what hit them? Why not ask them?—ROBERT WALKER, VANCOUVER.

➤ Shoot the generals and their memoirs to the moon and let them muck around in their mud there. Poor moon! The peoples of the earth want peaceful co-existence.—G. B. BRETT, VANCOUVER.

**MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 47**



# MACLEAN'S

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NUMBER 1



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### THE COVER

That lovely ornament topping the tree will be a fallen angel in a second if mother isn't aces at fielding flying trees; father obviously won't make it. Junior is in the perfect position, of course, to make the save but artist **Gabriel Bastien** says both mother and Junior muffed it.

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 6, Jack Olsen, U. K. Information Service / 9, 11, Ken Bell / 16, Walter Curtin / 17, Eric Cable Jr., Wide World, Canada Wide / 20, 21, Walter Curtin / 22, Peter Croydon / 24, Two Public Archives of Canada, Topley / 25, One Public Archives of Canada / 26, One Lois Harrison / 36, Walter Curtin / 40, Two Toronto Star Syndicate, Globe and Mail.

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## For the sake of argument



MORLEY CALLAGHAN ASKS

### Why single out sex as the only real road to sin?

In our society with its Christian tradition, the sexual offender — no matter how terrible or how trivial his real offense against humanity — bears singular odium and shame. He rates a screaming headline. The looter of the public purse, the burglar, the thug are very small potatoes compared with him.

Real immorality in our society seems to be represented by shocking sexual misbehavior. Many a woman has been ruined for life by having committed adultery, just once, and having it known. A lawyer, defending a murderer, will try to help his client by showing that no matter how unfortunate his little slip into violence, he is a faithful husband who never chased a floozie, and therefore, in spite of his violent crime, not essentially an immoral man. Again, Khrushchov might be guilty of sending his tanks into Hungary, but when he was in Hollywood, and saw them making a picture of the cancan, he quickly pronounced it immoral and showed that whatever else he might be he shared with many in North America a sound moral sense.

#### Is woman "the gate to hell?"

Naturally, I reject this vast general distortion of morality with my whole heart.

There is, of course, a reason for our acceptance of the general distortion. Men of some wisdom in these matters, old hands at the game, would smile at me for my innocence in thinking it was important that people understand the reasoning behind the general acceptance of the attitude. The main thing is, they would say, that people have the traditional attitude and it is the right one.

It may be the right one, it may be acceptable as the basis of our laws of censorship and our efforts at a definition of obscenity, but surely there should be some general understanding of it. Why does sex seem to be the root of all immorality? If it is, if there is this underlying secret agreement, I

don't think it should be kept secret from the general public. I think it should be proclaimed aloud, the chips laid on the line once again; a praiseworthy scrutiny of the Christian sources. Why not? Why shouldn't Christian clergymen talk today with the bald frankness of hundreds of years ago about women and sex?

The reason might be, of course, that women in North America today being emancipated, or educated, or simply self-respecting, wouldn't stand for that view of them which was formed in the first five centuries of the Christian church. The gate to hell! How would a woman today like to hear herself called "the devil's gateway," as Tertullian called her? Or hear St. Augustine going him one better only much more eloquently.

Yes, it is pretty hard to imagine one of the early fathers of the church, if he could be brought by some magic to a North American pulpit today, being asked to expound his views on sex and women. Yet these views ought to be expounded now for they still color our thinking on the matter. They ought not to be forgotten. If we are to have any understanding of the prevalent orthodox attitude to sex today, we have to have some appreciation of the astonishing scope of the revolutionary attitude of those early Christian fathers.

In pagan times, or let's say, four or five thousand years before Christ, in the great civilizations of Mesopotamia and the Nile, the goddesses were women with their eyes certainly turned to the earth. Back beyond them all, in the dim memories of history, is the figure of some great and fecund mother goddess. But whether it was Isis on the Nile, or Ishtar (or Astarte) in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the phallic symbols were cherished, the fertility rites celebrated with rejoicing, and, to put it mildly, there was no special sinfulness attached to sex. The Greeks and the Romans, too, had this same earthy view of the matter. In fact a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

MORLEY CALLAGHAN IS THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL CANADIAN NOVELS.

## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### How "Shakes" Morrison shook parliament

When we gathered in the Commons one day late in the autumn to pay tribute to the retiring Speaker W. S. Morrison (known as "Shakes" because of his habit of quoting Shakespeare with his rolling Scottish r's) we had no inkling that we were on the verge of an astonishing event.

We welcomed the incoming Mr. Speaker, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster. For Shakes Morrison the curtain had rung down for the last time. At least that is what we thought. Yet never have so many politicians been so mistaken in the entire history of parliamentary procedure.

Hardly had the political equivalent of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" echoed through the corridors of Westminster when it was announced in the press that the retiring Mr. Speaker Morrison had been invited and had accepted the invitation to be the governor-general of Australia.

There must have been many discussions between the three Scots involved — Australia's Prime Minister R.G. Menzies, Prime Minister Macmillan and Morrison, now the newly created Lord Dunrossil, yet not a word had leaked to the newspapers.

Soon, however, the ink was flowing in full spate.

In Canada, the recently retired Vincent Massey quietly and efficiently had set the pattern of native-born governors-general, and the Diefenbaker Conservative government had advised the Queen to appoint a Canadian to follow him. Australia's Labor party, when in power in 1947, had attempted to set a similar pattern when W.J. McKell, a boilermaker who rose to be premier of New South Wales, was appointed governor-general. Under R. G. Menzies' Conservatives, however, the trend had been reversed — back to titled Britons. When the appointment of Lord Dunrossil was announced from Buckingham Palace, blunt-spoken H. V. Evatt stated flatly in the Australian House of Representatives in Canberra that his opposition Labor Party would have preferred an Australian for the post.

And that was only part of the controversy. In the House of Commons, Labor's Hugh Gaitskell asked whether the appointment "has come about absolutely independent of the government and without the government's knowledge."

He joined in the expression of good wishes to the new governor-general, but added: "We understood when the Speaker resigned and was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



Lord and Lady Dunrossil: Some Australians were angry over his appointment as their governor-general. They wanted an Australian in the job.



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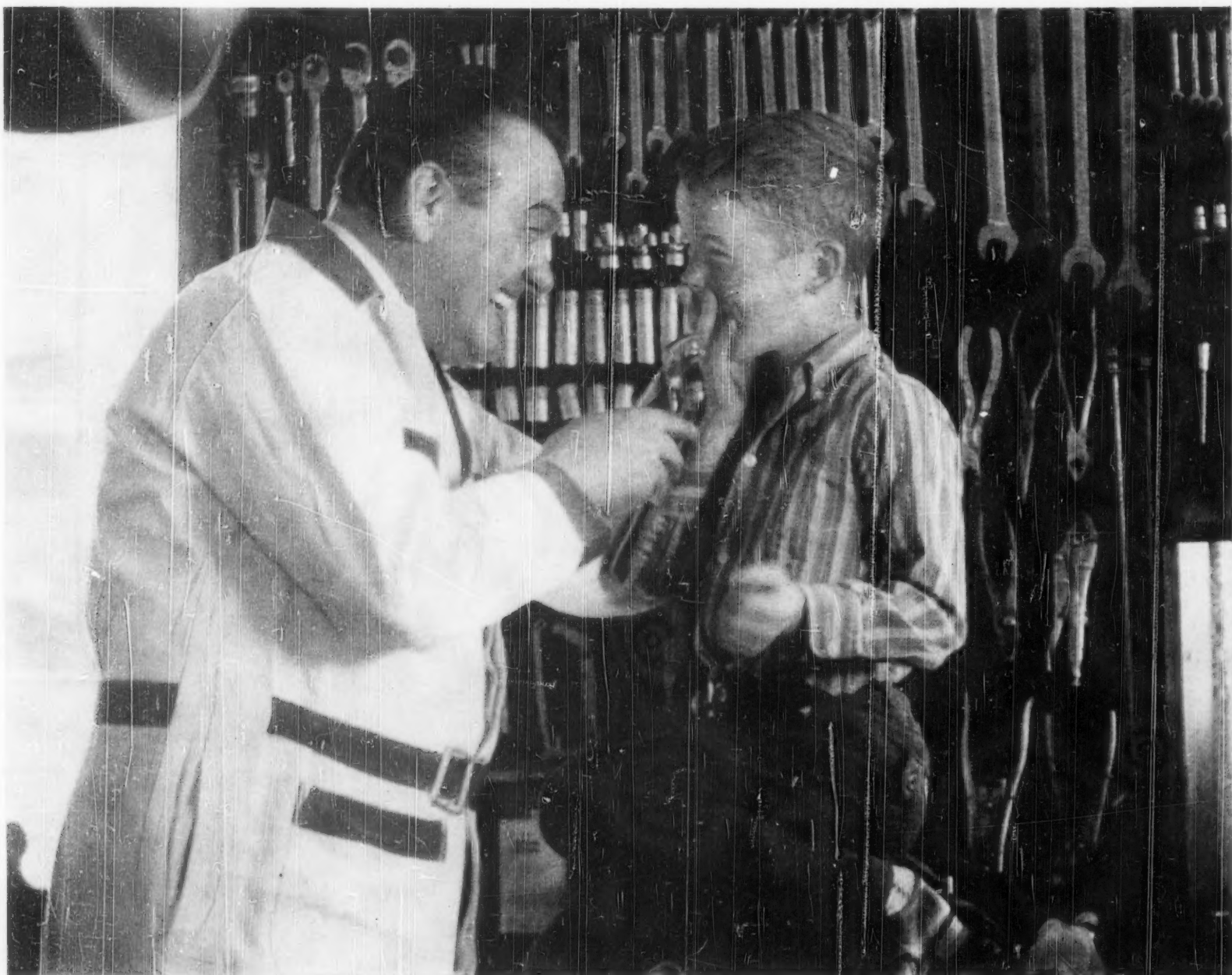
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 2, 1960



# Is anybody winning the trading-stamp war?

Swamped by stamps, goggle-eyed at "free gifts" ranging from mops to mink stoles, jolted by a royal commission's sharp attack on sales gimmicks, the Canadian consumer is a baffled non-combatant in the feverish fight for the nation's three billion food dollars a year

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

IN THE BATTLE for the three billion dollars Canadians spend yearly on food, the victors have been those best versed in psychological warfare, the multi-million-dollar chains of glittering supermarkets. And nothing in their arsenal of razzle-dazzle sales schemes has captured so many customers and caused so many protests as the lure of something-for-nothing embodied in trading stamps.

The recent appearance of trading stamps as a national phenomenon signifies that the retail war is entering a fevered new phase. Having overwhelmed the small grocer and raided the realm of the butcher, baker, druggist, florist and hardware man, the chain stores are now locked in combat with one another, digging into profits to finance their fiercest fight yet.

In this struggle the trading stamp is the "S-bomb,"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Up to their ears in stamp books, housewives wonder: Do I pay for my "free gifts" on my food bill? "Supermarts," says one critic, "are hardly philanthropic organizations."

Stamp bonanzas make some shoppers wonder: "Are we buying for or



"Free!" "Absolutely free!" "Wonderful, wonderful gifts!" Stamp pitchmen woo customers into their clients' stores. They believe it's only a matter of time till stamps show up in small outlets everywhere, as they have in Quebec.



for appliances?"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN BELL

a weapon with such impact that the Canadian Association of Consumers, twenty-six thousand strong and representing another half million housewives through its sixteen affiliated women's groups, is demanding that all governments ban it.

The Royal Commission on Price Spreads in Food Products, bringing in its report at the end of November, recommended that stores with stamp plans should be required to give customers a free choice between accepting stamps or taking a discount on purchases. One supermarket chain, Steinberg's Ltd., announced immediately that it would redeem filled stamp books with vouchers that could be used to buy food, although it would still offer stamp premiums for those who preferred them. On the heels of this, the Young Progressive Conservatives, at their national annual meeting, passed a resolution that trading stamps should be outlawed.

No other consumer issue touches so many families as these insignificant tiny squares of gummed paper, worth a fifth of a cent each, which, as every housewife knows, are given out by stores, one for every ten cents' worth of goods bought. They hold a firm place in the shopping habits of more than a million Quebecers. They have beachheads in Newfoundland and New Brunswick. Last October (through fifty-one IGA stores) they invaded Nova Scotia. Since August they've swarmed through Ontario and westward to Alberta, where the government, in November, by order-in-council, forbade their use.

Across the country in daily papers huge ads

hard-sell the stamps. "FREE!" screams the bold black type, "100 LUCKY GREEN STAMPS" (with the purchase of this or that product). Full-page spreads show the housewife the "wonderful, wonderful gifts . . . absolutely free" which she can get by presenting the stamps she saves—electric mixers, aluminum ware, movie cameras. "They tell you the bargains available in stamps," exclaims David Gilbert, managing director of the Retail Merchants Association of Canada, voice of forty thousand independents, "not the bargains available in food!"

Women have used stamps to outfit clubrooms and church kitchens. Some play for stamps in afternoon bridge games. And in the stores they've been known to count their stamps and leave their change on the counter.

The stamp companies who sell stores the stamps, the stamp books to stick them in, the gaily colored catalogues and the premiums they portray, feel it's only a matter of time till stamps spread, as they have in Quebec, to gas stations, bake shops, drug stores, pet shops, shoe stores, florists and theatres. In the U. S., according to stamp companies, two out of three housewives are licking and sticking stamps, and in Greensboro, N.C., a funeral home offers stamps with its caskets.

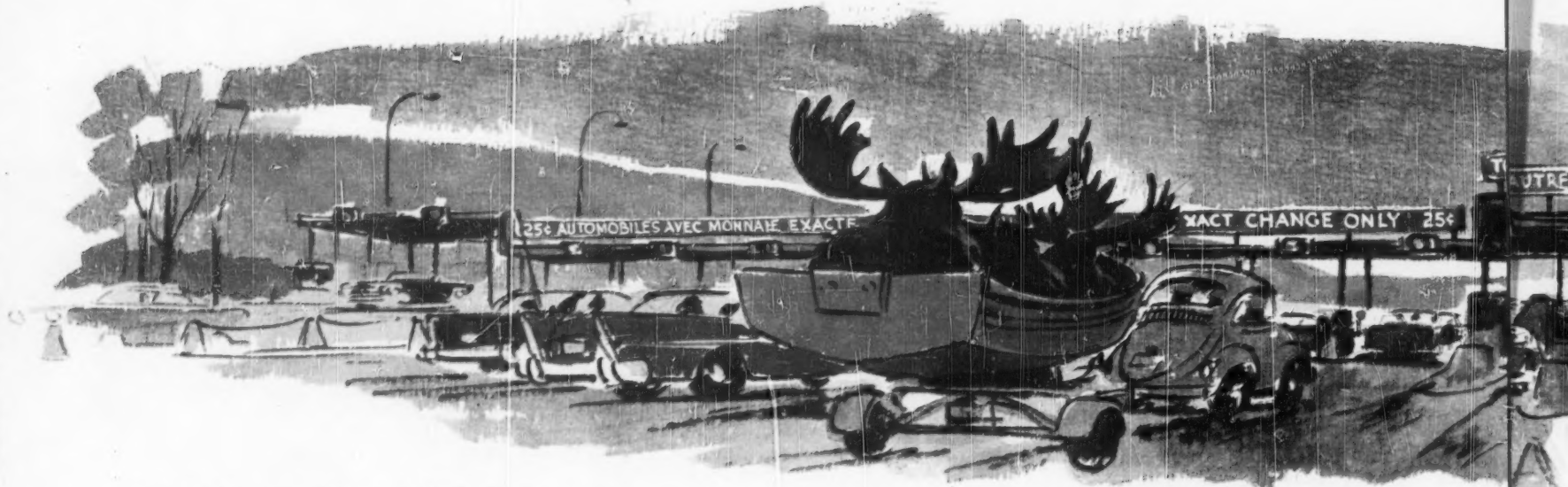
But in Montreal, an A & P spokesman claims, "They're already flattening out." And Thomas McCormack, president of Dominion Stores, which uses stamps in Quebec but nowhere else, contends they are nothing more than "a fad."

The biggest barrier CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Here's what you must buy to collect enough stamps for a toaster



A housewife who wants to get a medium-priced pop-up toaster with trading stamps must spend \$1,725 on groceries—roughly the amount in all five carts. Some women use stamps as bridge stakes or donate them to club fund drives.



"Canada's slickest superhighway," the \$75-million Autoroute, has cut the Montreal-St. Jérôme run from two hours to an easy thirty minutes. Here homebound hunters and holidayers pause at a toll station.



## THE LAVISH AND LIVELY LAURENTIANS

Partly hidden by a hedge of gaudy billboards, thousands of revelers keep Quebec's mountain playground abuzz with a year-round medley of snow carnivals, street dances and water-skiing. Will they soon get elbowed out by the growing horde of commuters?



By Ken Lefolli

THE LAURENTIAN SHIELD, the furrowed granite brow of eastern Canada, is the oldest region of North America, and most of the hump-backed hills look every day of their age. But for one frivolous fifteen-by-forty-mile fling that begins thirty miles north of Montreal, the Laurentians are young at heart and the senile ridges manage to look as though they were born yesterday.

Their flanks are striped with a thousand miles of ski trails and tailored downhill slopes, spiked with seventy ski tows and four chair lifts, strung with paved roads and spattered with a dozen mountain villages wholly dedicated to fun but mainly named after French saints:





St. Hippolyte, St. Sauveur, St. Adèle, Ste. Marguerite, Ste. Agathe, St. Donat, St. Jovite. The hills are flecked with three hundred *pensions*, half a hundred motels and *auberges*, and a score of lavish resort hotels that season the slopes with a hybrid Alpine-*habitant* flavor known around the world as Laurentian. It's a heady mixture of reproduced *habitant* architecture at Mont Tremblant Lodge, modernized *habitant* at Hôtel La Sapinière, synthetic Swiss at the Alpine Inn, authentic Swiss at Chalet Cochand, New England Salt Box at Gray Rocks Inn. It's also playful wrinkles like winter swimming and summer curling at Hôtel Chantecler, grass-slope skiing on rubber-tired roller-skis at Sun Valley Farm, and goats grazing on the sod-

thatched roof at the Mont Gabriel Club. The gullies are graded into a dozen golf courses, the lakes are stippled with water-ski jumps, and where there are no beaches there are kidney-shaped swimming pools.

The merry-makers who frolic through these hand-groomed hills celebrate an almost unbroken round of snow carnivals, fun-in-the-sun festivals, ski tournaments, street dances, beach parties, sleigh rides, hay rides, song fests and feast days. In May they lash the streams with trout flies, although the fish-hatchery employees who stock them with a million speckled trout a year say it would take ten million to bring the fished-out population back from slow extinction. In October they stalk the ridges for deer and moose and the hollows for ducks, partridge and pheasant — and although the game is scarce and wary, for a few weeks every fall a parade of cars with moose-head trophies lashed to their hoods rolls triumphantly down from the hills.

In person or by proxy, the revelers take their recreation in a hurry: they race stock cars and harness horses on lake ice, aquaplanes on clear water, sled dogs through the bush, and each other to the table in a score of the most knowing cosmopolitan restaurants in Canada. In an hour they can drive through the entire corrugated playground from St. Jérôme, where the Laurentians swell from the St. Lawrence basin, to Mont Tremblant, the northern outpost of this spirited slot in the weary mountains. When a skier blasting the celebrated Devil's River Run at Mont Tremblant takes a yen for the equally celebrated canard à la provençal at l'Auberge La Chaumaine outside St. Jerome he is apt to follow his appetite down the road, whetting it at a swiss chalet, a Canadien *boîte*, an Austrian *Stüberl*, and a French wine cellar along the way. There are bigger and busier playgrounds on this continent, although probably not in Canada, but none with a more wide-



Year-round skiing is no idle boast. When there's no snow, skiers take to lakes and grassy slopes.

Biggest winter crowds collect at spots like St. Sauveur, where slopes are tailored for Sunday skiers. They usually drink a lot of beer and break a few legs.

Continued on next two pages





"Dancing in the streets" is no mere figure of speech at Ste. Agathe's month-long carnival. To the tune of a lively fiddle, celebrants dance the night away.

## THE LAVISH AND LIVELY LAURENTIANS

*continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED McNALLY

Lac Ouimet, where the first Laurentian inn was built in 1911, is the starting point for most private flights into Quebec's hinterland.



Ste. Agathe has an international reputation for old-fashioned winter fun. Like most Laurentian resorts, it attracts more Americans than Canadians.

ly sung reputation for variety, flavor, and all-weather all-out eagerness to chase the will-o'-the-wisp, pleasure.

There is no way of knowing just how many merrymakers are moved by this reputation to join the chase. Diplomat George Drew flies from London to spend Christmas at the Chantecler in Ste. Adèle, broadcaster Lowell Thomas checks in every winter at Mont Tremblant Lodge, industrialist Cyrus Eaton returns regularly to the Mont Gabriel Club near Ste. Adèle, actor Montgomery Clift takes skiing lessons at Manoir Pinoteau on Lac Tremblant. And tenants more or less distinguished than these crowd the five thousand remaining beds that are for rent in the area at rates between five and twenty-five dollars a day. Many of these play-minded itinerants are Americans: seven out of ten at the Laurentide Inn in Ste. Agathe, nine out of ten at Chalet Cochand in Ste. Marguerite, eight out of ten at the nearby Alpine Inn, seven out of ten at Gray Rocks Inn near St. Jovite. Of the big resort hotels, only the Chantecler and La Sapinière at Val David book more Canadians than Americans.

The resort guests are swelled by the owners (and their guests) of uncounted private "country cottages," from the mansions of the Molson and Timmins families to the tar paper shacks that straggle along many of the side roads. And their amiable numbers are swelled in turn by day trippers from Montreal, who on the weekends run into hundreds of thousands. The two bridges that cross the north arm of the St. Lawrence to feed traffic from Montreal into Highway 11, until recently the main channel from the city to the Laurentians, carried fifteen million cars in 1958. Not all, of course, were bound for the Laurentians. Many were commuting back and forth from Montreal and its suburbs.

By the summer of 1959 it took an agile driver to run the thirty miles from Montreal to St. Jérôme in less than two hours, past the nineteen traffic lights, forty-three intersections and



interminable traffic jams on Highway 11. By the fall of 1959, though, anybody could cover the same ground in half an hour on the slickest if shortest superhighway in Canada.

This is the Laurentian Autoroute, seventy-five million dollars worth of gently banked and graded pavement that rises in the middle of Montreal and flows north with hardly a ripple, six lanes, two service lanes and a boulevard wide, 28.9 miles to the foot of the first slope in the mountains. The legal speed limit is sixty miles an hour for passenger cars, and there is nothing to keep them from maintaining it except three toll stations spaced about ten miles apart.

The travel count on the Autoroute, which opened last October, will have to wait at least until the end of the 1959-60 ski season. Even as a blueprint, though, the Autoroute in the last couple of years has pushed the Laurentians, which have lived through three eras, around the corner into a fourth. To sketch the background briefly, the area was first opened up in the mid-1800s as a farm-and-firewood supplier for Montreal, largely by the empire-building zeal of Msgr. Antoine Labelle, the *curé* of St. Jérôme. In 1911 an American lumberman named George Wheeler built a big clapboard inn named Gray Rocks at Lac Ouimet near Mont Tremblant and nudged the Laurentians into their second era. His sons, Tom and Harry, helped nourish skiing through the Twenties, when it was an exotic European novelty, the Thirties, when the first ski rush started, and are still at it.

The ski rush of the Thirties followed *Curé*

Labelle's empire-building railroad, now a spur of the CPR, and the lodges that sprang up to shelter the skiers rose within horse-drawn-sleigh distance of the train stations. During the 1930s and '40s the double-engined ski train that swiveled through the hills with a different chorus of *Alouette* ringing from each of twenty or thirty coaches became a famous vignette of Canada at play, and still is. The ski train itself, though, is reduced to a forlorn, self-driven day coach.

Early in the Fifties the heavy traffic switched to Highway 11, and the Laurentians switched into their third era. Swarming in by car or express bus that drops them at the foot of their favorite ski tow, day trippers from Montreal converted skiing from a sport for the well-heeled few to an excursion for the exuberant many. To send them all home happy the resorts made new mountains out of old ones. A few years ago the hills were laced with narrow ski trails that twisted breakneck curves between the hemlocks. Today the ski slopes are fifty- to five-hundred-yard-wide throughways. On hundreds of runs the stumps and stones are blasted out, the dips and rises are bulldozed smooth, the curves are banked, the soil is sodded, and the snow is brushed and groomed between one day's skiing and the next by tread-driven machines called snow cats.

The seventy-odd tows in the area can haul well over a hundred thousand skiers uphill in an hour, and often do. Waiting at the top to teach the unindoctrinated how to get back down there are, throughout the hills, several hundred professionals. They

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

Laurentian lakes are stocked with a million speckled trout a year, but anglers sometimes seem to outnumber fish.



When the day's skiing is done, an evening of festivity begins in spots like La Sapinière, an old wine cellar at Val David. It's also a favorite haunt of honeymooners from nearby lodges.



Once a locomotive wiper himself, Smith stands in the Canadian National yards at Ottawa before a typical group of the thirty thousand rail men he represents.

## **Can little Bill Smith lick the heavyweights of labor?**

In the rough and raucous war of the transport unions this obscure Ottawa leader has jumped into the ring against the terrible twosome of Hoffa and Banks. Some predict the meanest and most far-reaching struggle in our labor history





BY PETER C. NEWMAN

CANADIAN labor news today is dominated by men like Hal Banks and Jimmy Hoffa who are known to the police as tough, ruthless characters, and to the general public as high-living union bosses who talk and act like Edward G. Robinson imitating the late Al Capone. But before 1960 is out, a relatively unknown, deceptively mild, but equally formidable figure with the prosaic name of Bill Smith may be making this country's most exciting labor headlines.

Smith is a normally quiet little grasshopper of a man who has unexpectedly squared off against both Hoffa and Banks and, unlike most

of the unionists who have tangled with them, has determinedly taken the offensive. Smith wants to build up his own organization — the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers — at the expense of international unions, particularly the brand represented by Banks's Seafarers and Hoffa's Teamsters.

Smith's brotherhood until this year confined most of its activities to bargaining with the Canadian National Railways for the thirty thousand express clerks, freight staffs, roundhouse workers and the other non-operating employees that it represents. It has not been in the news very much because the unions that bargain for the non-operating employees of both national railroad systems have a single negotiating committee. This committee is headed by Frank Hall, whose Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks represents on the CPR roughly the same groups that Smith has on the CNR.

But before the end of 1960, Smith may be far better known than Hall — perhaps as well known even as the notorious Hal Banks himself.

Banks' Seafarers' International Union has, since 1949, been the bargaining agent for the majority of Canada's fourteen thousand merchant seamen. Now, Smith is charging that Banks's organization is "not a union but a protection racket run for the benefit of its leadership" and he has vowed that his brotherhood will capture the right to bargain for Canadian seamen.

"We aim to drive Banks out of this country," says Don Secord, secretary-treasurer of the brotherhood, "and we'll do it by a year from now."

The feud between Smith and Banks has been boiling up along Canada's waterfronts for the last six months. It could explode into the most violent inter-union war in Canadian labor history with the opening of inland navigation next spring. The clash of muscle and money already has put more than a dozen men in hospital and six others in jail. Eighty court charges have been laid, including assault, theft, false pre-

tense, contempt of court, and possession of offensive weapons.

The wrangle between Smith and Jimmy Hoffa has not yet burst into a major conflict, but Smith has pledged himself to recruit Canadian truck drivers away from the Teamsters. In a small but possibly significant local skirmish, Smith's brotherhood recently beat out the powerful American union as the bargaining representative of the twenty-eight drivers employed by Husbands' Transport in Kitchener, Ont. Last summer the Canadian union had dealt Hoffa a far more serious blow. As part of his grand strategy to win jurisdiction over "everything that moves" in North America, Hoffa a year ago boasted that he would rule the new St. Lawrence Seaway by helping to enlist the nine hundred men who maintain and operate the waterway into Banks's union, allied with him for that purpose. After five months of intensely competitive recruiting by organizers for both Banks and Smith at every Seaway lock, Smith's brotherhood handily won bargaining rights in a government-supervised vote.

At the same time, Smith ordered his recruiting teams to board the coastal ships operating out of Vancouver and sign their Seafarers' crews for the brotherhood. The four hundred sailors on about a hundred vessels owned by fourteen B. C. firms already have voted to switch their allegiance from the SIU to Smith, depriving Banks of half his westcoast membership.

The main battle between the two unions, for the bargaining rights of the crews on the Great Lakes carriers — now represented by Banks — will break out with the 1960 shipping season. "If Smith monkeys with the Lakes, he'll get the most horrible defeat of his life," warns Banks, who calls Smith's attacks on his union "unwarranted raiding." Banks and his Seafarers were themselves suspended by the Canadian Labor Congress last spring for refusing to stop raiding the membership of the National Association of Marine Engineers. The suspension has left Banks's union wide open to harassment by Smith's brotherhood, since it is now outside the no-raiding provisions. CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Smith's rank and file don't back away from his powerful foes



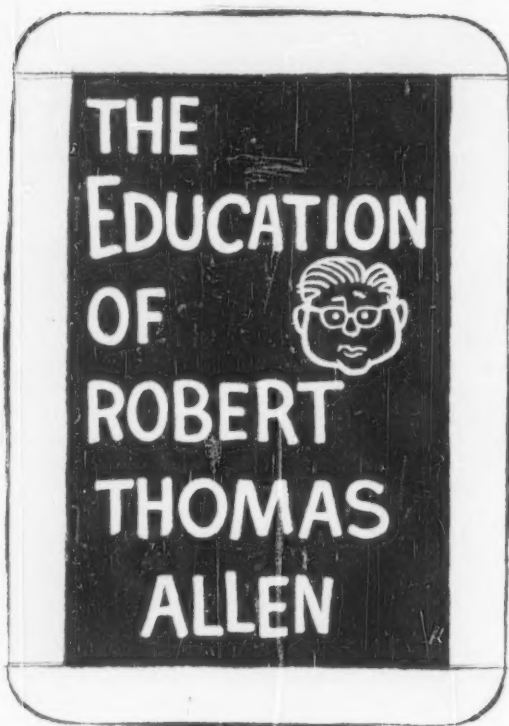
Violence was reported in Vancouver after Smith signed up Seafarers.



JAMES HOFFA



HAL BANKS



## How I learned about strangers.

*Flustered and far from home, Bob's been helped out so often by people he didn't know that he'd trade old pals for strangers any rainy day of the week — why, some of his best friends are strangers*

**M**OST PEOPLE spend their lives at home among old friends, but I've traveled quite a bit around this continent, moving my family from place to place, with all my possessions in my car, and I've often been asked: "What would you do if you got sick or something, away from home among strangers?"

I have been sick or something among strangers, and I'd like to put in a good word for them. I've been given a hand so often by people I've never seen before in my life that I've sometimes wondered if we don't behave better toward one another as strangers than we do as friends. Most of us spend our lives behind a set of defenses, on guard against invasions of our jobs, prejudices, money, dignity, self-respect, lawns and egos. But as strangers we can drop our defenses. We know the other guy won't be around long enough to be a threat. He's just another human, standing on a street corner or beside a stalled car with a confused look and gum wrappers blowing against his pant legs. Our impulse is to help him. It's when we know him, and have time to think things over and wonder what he ever did for us, that we get cautious about behaving like Christians.

I remember my first lesson in how close

personal ties can snarl up charitable motives when a woman who had befriended me as a stranger began clobbering me as a friend, all within a couple of weeks. My wife and I met her in a real-estate office in Florida and, after we'd found a place to rent, she began dropping in with things to help us set up house-keeping — a teapot, lamps, dishes, a vacuum cleaner.

"I never use it," she'd lie out of the goodness of her heart. "I never could get used to anything but a broom."

She brought blankets and cups and saucers and a dictionary for me to use in my writing, and kept it up until she got to know us real well, when she suddenly stopped talking to us. I found later that she lived on the verge of having her feelings hurt and she'd begun to think we had been avoiding her, and began asking herself, "Who does he think he is anyway — calling himself a writer when he can't even spell!"

I still try to remember her the way she was before I became her friend, when I was simply a stranger who needed a teapot and a dictionary.

But I've said goodbye to most of the strangers I've met while they were still bring-

ing me apple pies and doing me good turns, and there were a lot of them. Not that I haven't met strangers who were about as friendly as Mack the Knife, but they were always offset by people who helped me in spite of them, and on occasion, I think, because of them.

I remember one dark night in Pecos, Texas, a big untidy woman took an hour off from running her tourist cabins to help me find the owner of a litter of kittens I found outside my cabin, partly just to rescue me from carrying three kittens around in a box in a strange town, but also because she had no use for a man next door who, when I went to him with the kittens, had taken one look at me and closed the door on me.

"His initials are N. S. F.," she shouted, dividing her time between glaring out the door toward her neighbor and making phone calls to find out who owned the kittens. "Not sufficient funds. He's supposed to be a big shot. I don't think he could afford a cat." She'd shove some hair out of her eyes, dial another number, tell her teen-age daughter — who kept telling her she was dialing wrong — to shut up, and look out the door again. "Goes to church twice every" CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

*When the whole Allen family was having tantrums in the dining car, a kindly stranger stepped in and took over.*





LEWIS PARKER.

aving  
g car,  
over.

1960

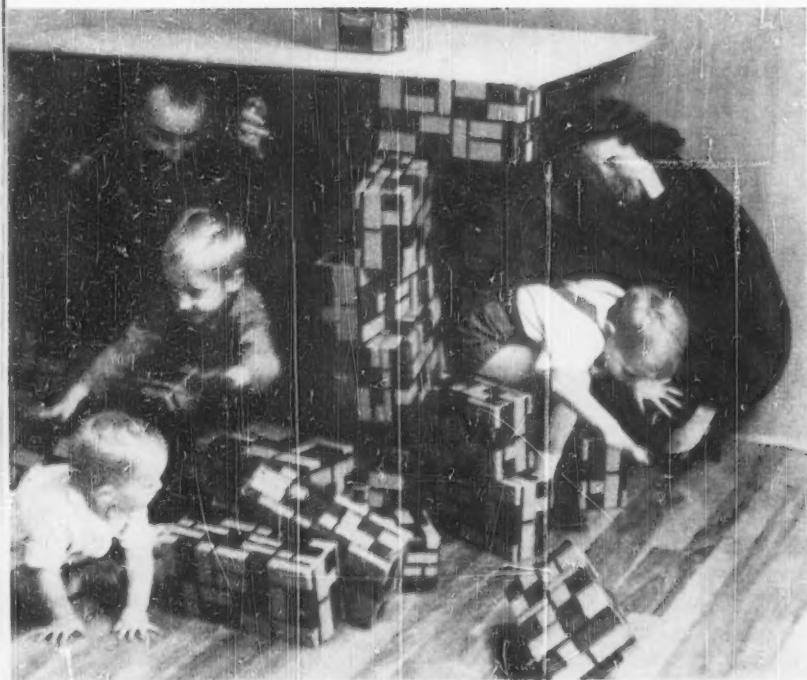
## FAMOUS FAMILIES AT HOME



Rubes told Gray he wants his sons to learn how to create their own entertainment.

## A visit with Mr. & Mrs. Jan Rubes

Soap opera and real opera  
harmonize happily in the lives of these talented Czechs.  
Success has brought them a five-level house,  
a swimming pool, a country cottage.  
But, says Jan, "I stay a nationalistic schizophrenic"



Rubes hasn't "opera singers' temperament." He's relaxed at both work and play.

By John Gray PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN

Eleven years ago a twenty-eight-year-old Czech political refugee emigrated to Canada for the first time, from Switzerland. He arrived on New Year's Eve in a summer suit, complete with his worldly goods: a toothbrush, a razor and a violin case full of music. He entered the country as a tailor, an occupation acceptable to the immigration authorities, bound for the Toronto tailoring shop of his uncle, George Deymel.

In fact, Jan Rubes (pronounced Yan Rubesh) was a singer. "I was a singing tailor," he recalls, "or perhaps, a tailor who sang."

Early in 1959, when he emigrated to Canada for the second time, from the United States, his assets had increased. In addition to the toothbrush, razor and violin case, he now had a cottage on Georgian Bay, a substantial equity in thirty thousand dollars' worth of house in Toronto's suburban Willowdale, a wife, the actress Susan Douglas, and three sons — Christopher, five; Jonathan, three; and Tony, fifteen months. Jan Rubes had also acquired a reputation as one of the stars of Canada's only professional opera company and as the host of the CBC's popular radio show, *Songs of My People*. His seven-year stint on this program, which each week takes the native songs of a country or region for its material, has made him one of the better-known new residents of Canada, among Old and New Canadians alike.

When I went to spend the CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Rubes didn't like New York; actress-wife Susan Douglas did. Compromise: the family moved to a unique home in a Toronto suburb.









Few will fail to see themselves somewhere in this penetrating study of what may be the commonest and least examined social problem of our times

# L O N E L I N E S S

By Dorothy Sangster

**L**oneliness, according to the psychiatrists, is born with each and every one of us at the moment when we are thrust into the cold world from the warm comfort of the womb. It threatens man from the cradle to the grave. Sometimes constructive, more often destructive, it may be a step on the road to mental illness. From loneliness spring other human vagaries like alcoholism, prostitution, compulsive food addiction, homosexual relationships and overaggressive behavior. It's been called the greatest single cause of suicide, but there exist forms of loneliness so extreme that their despairing victims are even beyond taking their own lives.

Considering its universal nature, comparatively little is known about loneliness beyond its psychiatric definition as "a significant emotional experience with far-reaching psychopathological ramifications." Textbooks seldom mention it except as an adjunct of some other mental disorder, like schizophrenia.

Loneliness may appear as solitude, a blessed thing from which emerge rest and a renewal of life—or as creative loneliness, which spawns great works of art—or (as men know it in prisons and concentration camps) as empty terrifying isolation.

Strange as it may seem we are lonelier to-

day than our grandfathers were. This, sociologists tell us, is because of our "cultural loneliness" — a twentieth-century phenomenon which engulfs us as the result of the industrial revolution. Crowded into small quarters in big cities, surrounded by thousands of strangers, offered so much superficial entertainment, we suffer a loneliness of restless dissatisfaction, boredom, a feeling that we're missing something that other people have.

A natural victim of this kind of loneliness is the so-called white-collar girl with no man in her life, who spends seven hours a day in front of her typewriter in an office filled with other women and comes home to nothing in the evening. "Sad. Terribly, terribly sad!" says Dr. Karl Stern, a Montreal psychiatrist and author, when he thinks of the thousands of young women to whom life must appear meaningless and drab.

Out of their loneliness, many girls drift into tragic situations. A surprisingly large number of unmarried mothers are lonely immature people who mistook sex for love. Dr. Hilda Bruch, an American doctor who has devoted her life to the study of obesity, recognizes loneliness as a major cause of compulsive eating, a defense manoeuvre whereby some lonely people hope

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

# Sir John A's first, and only, trip to the west

By Sir Joseph Pope



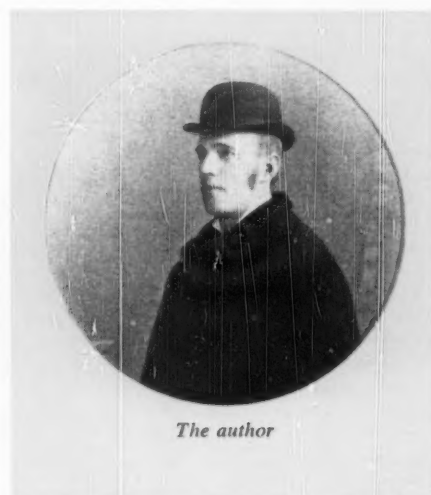
Sir John A. Macdonald

When he finally stood on the Pacific shore, "what an exultant moment it must have been for him."



Lady Macdonald

Canada's first lady looked severely formal here—but she eagerly rode the cowcatcher for miles.



The author

Sir Joseph, a careful diarist, wrote of seeing piles of buffalo bones all across the prairies.

**Seventy-three years ago our first PM,  
aging but indomitable, took his lady on the new CPR  
for their first look at the awakening nation.  
Along the way, the official party—including the author—  
"pacified" the Indians, admired the embryo cities  
and got stung in a Victoria hotel**

JOSEPH POPE, an industrious and Empire-loving P. E. I. boy, was Sir John A. Macdonald's private secretary during the last nine years of Macdonald's prime ministership. He accompanied Sir John and Lady Macdonald on their first and only trip across Canada on the railway that—as much as any other single fact—symbolized Macdonald's dream of a nation from sea to sea. This account of that memorable journey is drawn from Pope's diaries and later reflections, to be published next month by Oxford University Press, under the title *Public Servant*.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was completed in the autumn of 1885, and in the following

summer the Chief paid his first and only visit to the Great West, and invited me to accompany him. Our party consisted of Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Fred White, of the prime minister's staff, George Johnson of the Mail staff, myself, and two servants — old Ben Chilton, Sir John's man, and a maid. We traveled in the Premier's private car, *Jamaica*, which had been luxuriously fitted up by Mr. Van Horne, the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I had some qualms about setting out on this long journey, my eldest son being only two weeks old, but after talking it over, my wife and I decided that it would not do to decline on her account as she was doing well, and that I should

go — so I went, leaving her to close our house and go down to Rivière du Loup as soon as she was able to travel.

Sir John had quite a reception at Winnipeg, where a large number of people assembled to receive him. Among the crowd gathered round the car was an enthusiastic young Tory who was cheering with all his might. Upon Sir John's appearance the enthusiasm became tremendous. When the lull came, the young Tory, who evidently had never seen Sir John before in his life, remarked in a low voice to a friend standing by, "Seedy-looking old beggar, isn't he," and then resumed his cheering with redoubled vigor, as though determined that his private impressions





A CPR section gang waves the PM through the Rockies, in this C. W. Jefferys painting.

should not be allowed to interfere with his party loyalty.

I did not expect to find so great a development in Winnipeg, which seemed to have suddenly sprung up out of the prairie. In 1871, only fifteen years before, there was scarcely a house outside the Hudson's Bay Fort. In 1886 it was a flourishing city of 25,000 people. Main Street, as I record in my diary, would do credit to any city of equal size anywhere. "It is excellently paved from end to end with wooden blocks and is a long street of exceptional width (138 feet) lighted with electricity and furnished with all the appliances of modern civilization, including a first-rate line of street cars." In Winnipeg I met with a surprising number of old friends who had taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone west.

I found the same promise of development everywhere as we went west. At Brandon, a flourishing town, Fred White told me that five years before he had camped on its site, then the virgin prairie. Regina had scarcely begun to be interesting, and Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, save where there happened to be Mounted Police posts, were in embryo. On this my first trip, everything that I saw was so new

to me that I did not experience a dull moment.

It was on this journey that I saw my first prairie — a strange and novel sight. I thus record my impressions in my diary: "Imagine a boundless plain, perfectly level, covered with short wavy grass, not a tree or bush of any kind, stretching out in all directions as far as the eye can reach, nothing but grass and sky, and you have a prairie. It makes one think of the ocean in its boundlessness and the mind fancies that the occasional settler's house far off against the sky is a ship making its way across the waters." The buffalo had disappeared some years before, but every now and then one could perceive their bones bleaching on the prairie. The rapidity with which these animals were extinguished or driven far north is remarkable. In 1882 there were 100,000 skins sold in St. Paul, and in 1883 just four! An old settler told me that he well remembered seeing the present site of Regina black with buffalo.

The whole journey partook of the nature of a triumphal progress. At almost every town and village addresses were presented to Sir John and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. At Regina, as at Winnipeg, we remained over some days, stay-

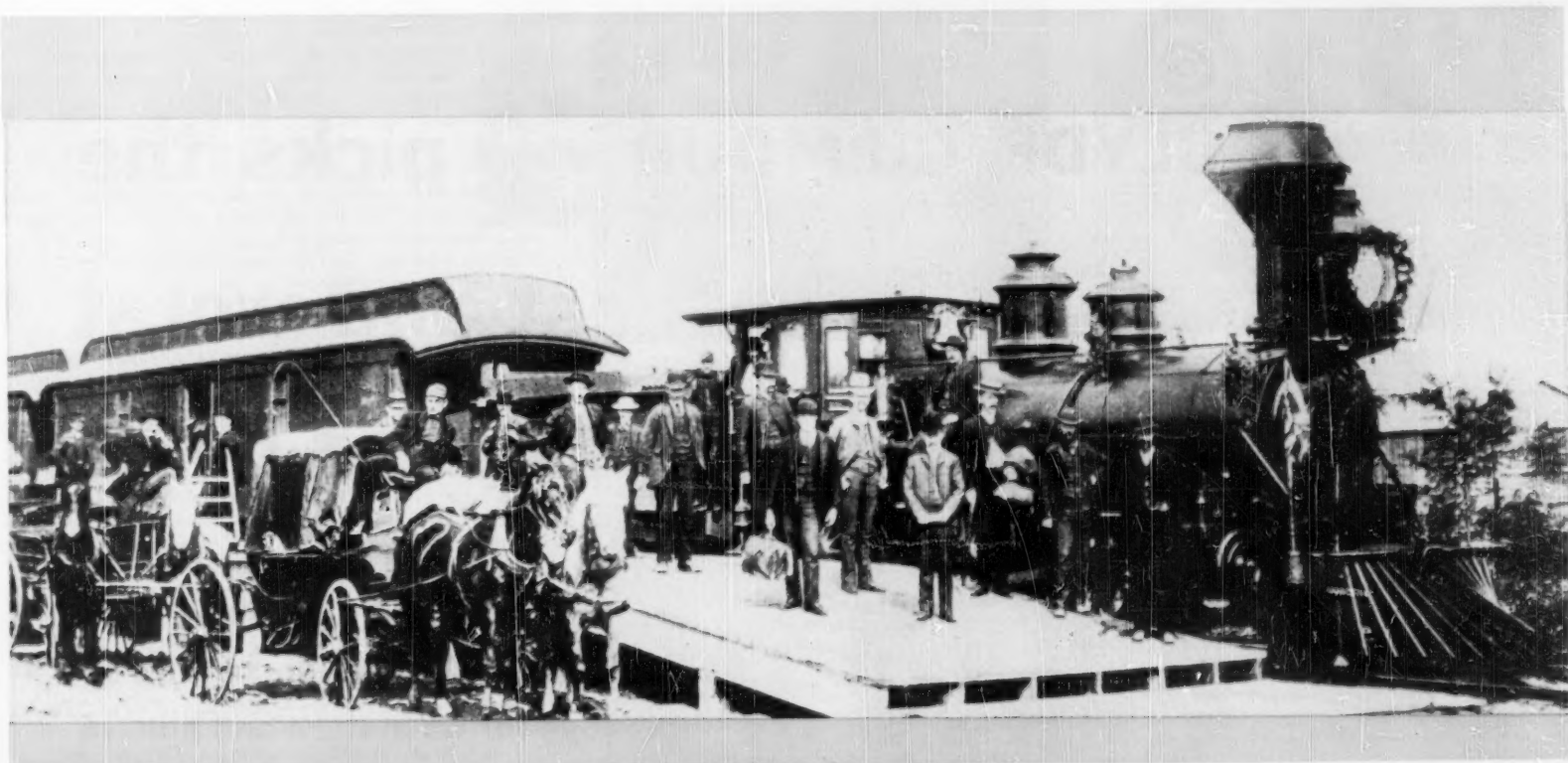
ing at Government House, and holding receptions which in all cases were well attended.

At Gleichen the Indians assembled in force, and a great pow-wow was held in our honor, attended by the Lieutenant-Governor in state, Sir John, and other dignitaries. The Indians were marshalled under Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfeet, Three Bulls, and a third chief whose name I forget. They were gorgeous in war paint and feathers, with the exception of Crowfoot. He was in mourning for Poundmaker, who had recently died, and for that reason appeared in undress, which consisted of little more than a dirty blanket round his loins. The Indians began by smoking a filthy-looking pipe, which they passed from one to another, each warrior merely taking a whiff or two.

Crowfoot, being invited to state his grievances, began by alluding to the prairie fires caused by sparks from the railway engines, against the continuance of which he strongly protested. He then passed on to the great question of food, which is the staple grievance with Indians.

The interpreter on this occasion rejoiced in the name of Billy Gladstone, and the circumstance suggested a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



Canadian Pacific trains were still a strange and welcome sight around Calgary the year of Sir John A's trip. But Indians complained of their sparks causing prairie fires.



**This was the best** Room at the Top, like many other 1959 films, was frankly sexy. But there was no hypocrisy in the powerful handling of its theme.

**CLYDE GILMOUR**



**picks the**

## **best and worst movies of 1959**

These were the ten worst movies of the year



- |                               |                      |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 GIRLS TOWN ▲ was the worst. | 6 HERCULES           |
| 2 MY WORLD DIES SCREAMING     | 7 FIVE GATES TO HELL |
| 3 SIGN OF THE GLADIATOR       | 8 RETURN OF THE FLY  |
| 4 WOMAN OBSESSED              | 9 CARRY ON NURSE     |
| 5 TREAD SOFTLY STRANGER       | 10 WHIRLPOOL         |

**In a year when "mature" films were often anything but, Room at the Top was tops for its mature and honest treatment of human relationships**



**Movie-makers** on both sides of the Atlantic were striving — or pretended to be striving — for greater "maturity" in 1959. Some even made conspicuous progress toward it. But "maturity," like "sincerity," is a word with a built-in gimmick for slick showmen who will embrace any virtue likely to yield a fast buck at the box office.

There were a few praiseworthy exceptions but most of the new movies purportedly for grownups seemed to be rooted in the belief that an "adult" in our society is *really* interested only in adultery. Teenaged promiscuity was also an ultrafamiliar theme. Beady-eyed commercialism appeared to be the dominant creative impulse in these sex-operas, although in some cases this was glossed over by fake piety (as in *Girls Town*) or by a perfunctory attempt to blame Mom and Dad for all the emotional excesses of their children (as in *Blue Denim* and *A Summer Place*).

Television continued to weaken the movie box office. But the smash-hit films, good and bad alike, did better business than ever; the routine assembly-line picture, once the bread and butter of the industry, was becoming harder and harder, to sell.

**Room at the Top**, a British production banned in Saskatchewan, treated sex and several other universal human relationships with a power and honesty far removed from the sleazy hypocrisy of the gimmick-shows. After seeing it three times I have no hesitation in nominating it as the best movie of 1959. (Hollywood's mammoth remake of *Ben-Hur* was released too late for consideration in this annual roundup.)

One of the most truly "adult" films to come out of the United Kingdom in years, **Room at the Top** was based on the novel by John Braine, adapted for the screen with skill and devotion by Neil Paterson. The story tells of a devious and ambitious young Yorkshireman (Laurence Harvey) whose all-consuming passion in life is to escape forever from the poverty and degradation he suffered in the industrial slums of his childhood. He finally attains financial security in a joyless marriage with the town tycoon's vapid little daughter (Heather Sears).

There were many fine things in **Room at the Top**, including the exciting emergence of Jack Clayton as one of the most subtle and resourceful directors in the profession. Finest of all, in my opinion, was the work of actress Simone Signoret as an unhappily married Frenchwoman who becomes tragically involved with the hero-heel on his ruthless climb to "the Top."

Hollywood's **The Nun's Story**, No. 2 on my "best" list, grappled honorably with religious perplexity, one of the "adult" but non-sexy subjects now gradually opening up to the movie makers after decades of stress on the formulas of escapism. Audrey Hepburn, shedding at last the startled-fawn mannerisms which had become her trademark, vividly portrayed a forceful Belgian girl who tries with all her might to accept the selfless discipline of the convent.

Stanley Kramer's production of **On the Beach**, based on the Nevil Shute novel, struck me as being curiously small-scaled in its handling of the story. But the haunting "fallout" of the drama lingers deeply in the mind, and Kramer in my catalogue was the producer of the year for daring to make a movie about the atomic destruction of the human race — and to release it a few days before Christmas. Fred Astaire did well in a non-dancing, non-singing role as a rueful nuclear scientist.

My choice as the top performance by an actor is Paul Muni's richly detailed characterization of the tough-minded old Brooklyn physician in **The Last Angry Man**; and the film itself, though flawed in spots, rates inclusion among the ten best.

**The Wreck of the Mary Deare**, a late arrival, is a suspenseful mystery-at-sea yarn, superbly photographed and tightly edited, with seasoned performances by Gary Cooper and Charlton Heston as skippers enmeshed in a maritime scandal.

Alfred Hitchcock's latest, **North by Northwest**, is the most satisfactory film he has made in years. Its ingenious and witty script by Ernest Lehman was one of the handful of notable "originals" at a time when adaptations from "pre-sold" successes were all the rage in Hollywood.

As usual, choosing the worst of the ten worst was no easy task, but on reflection **Girls Town** became an invincible candidate. It's a cheap, distasteful sex-and-crime melodrama starring Mamie Van Doren as a Bad Girl who implausibly "mellows" in a reformatory run by nuns.



2. **The Nun's Story**, with Audrey Hepburn (in background), is Gilmour's second choice.



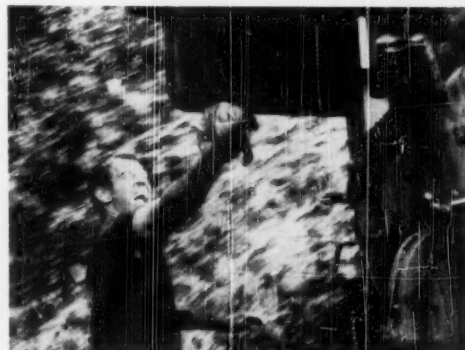
3. **Anatomy of a Murder** marked the debut of real-life lawyer Joseph N. Welch (centre).



4. **Pillow Talk**, with Doris Day, saw Rock Hudson display surprising talent for comedy.



5. **North by Northwest**, was a Hitchcock spy thriller, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint.



6. **The Wreck of the Mary Deare**, a suspense story set at sea, features Charlton Heston.



7. **On the Beach**: For it, Gilmour rates Stanley Kramer as best producer of the year.



8. **The Last Angry Man** starred Paul Muni (left) and Luther Adler in memorable roles.



9. **A Hole in the Head**, adapted from the Broadway hit, starred Frank Sinatra (centre).



10. **Murder by Contract** proved a "sleeper." It was a low-budget film with Vince Edwards.

**FOR GILMOUR'S  
RATINGS OF OTHER  
STARS AND SHOWS  
SEE OVERLEAF →**

## Gilmour acclaims these stars, scenes and showmen

**BEST ACTOR:** Paul Muni in *The Last Angry Man*.

**BEST ACTRESS:** Simone Signoret in *Room at the Top*.

**BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR:** Fred Astaire in *On the Beach*.

**BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS:** Dame Edith Evans in *Look Back in Anger*.

**BEST DIRECTOR:** Jack Clayton for *Room at the Top*.

**BEST PRODUCER:** Stanley Kramer for *On the Beach*.

**BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY:** *North by Northwest*, by Ernest Lehman.

**BEST ADAPTATION:** *Room at the Top*, by Neil Paterson, from the novel by John Braine.

**BEST PERFORMANCE BY A JUVENILE:** Hayley Mills in *Tiger Bay*.

**MOST PROMISING NEWCOMER:** Horst Buchholz in *Tiger Bay*. (He is a young veteran of the European screen but this was his first English-speaking role.)

**SHAPELIEST LEGS:** Shirley MacLaine's in *Ask Any Girl*.

**LIVELIEST FIGHT SCENE:** Frontiersman Clint Walker versus the rowdy soldiers in *Yellowstone Kelly*.

**MOST IMPROVED ACTOR:** Rock Hudson, who disclosed unsuspected gifts as a light comedian in *Pillow Talk*.

**BEST SHORT SUBJECT:** *The Golden Fish*.

**BEST COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY:** *Third Man on the Mountain*, by Harry Waxman (camera chief) and Georges Tairraz (mountain-unit photographer).

**BEST BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY:** *Operation Amsterdam*, by Reginald Wyer.

**BEST FEATURE-LENGTH DOCUMENTARY:** *Power Among Men*.

**MOST INTERESTING VILLAIN:** Martin Landau as Leonard, master-spy James Mason's slender and deadly assistant in *North by Northwest*.



**Liveliest fight scene:** Clint Walker vs. rowdy soldiers, in the horse opera, *Yellowstone Kelly*.



**Shapeliest legs** displayed on any screen in '59 belonged to Shirley MacLaine, in *Ask Any Girl*.



**Best performance by a juvenile:** Hayley Mills, daughter of actor John Mills, in *Tiger Bay*.

### These fourteen films were also among his favorites

<i>The Bridal Path</i>	<i>Operation Amsterdam</i>
<i>But Not for Me</i>	<i>Porgy and Bess</i>
<i>Compulsion</i>	<i>Pork Chop Hill</i>
<i>The Five Pennies</i>	<i>Rio Bravo</i>
<i>It Happened to Jane</i>	<i>They Came to Cordura</i>
<i>The Man Upstairs</i>	<i>Warlock</i>
<i>The Mouse That Roared</i>	<i>The Wonderful Country</i>

### These performances rated big fat zeroes



**Worst actor:** Steve Reeves, as *Hercules*.



**Worst actress:** Susan Hayward in *Woman Obsessed*.

### Here are movie moments Gilmour enjoyed in 1959

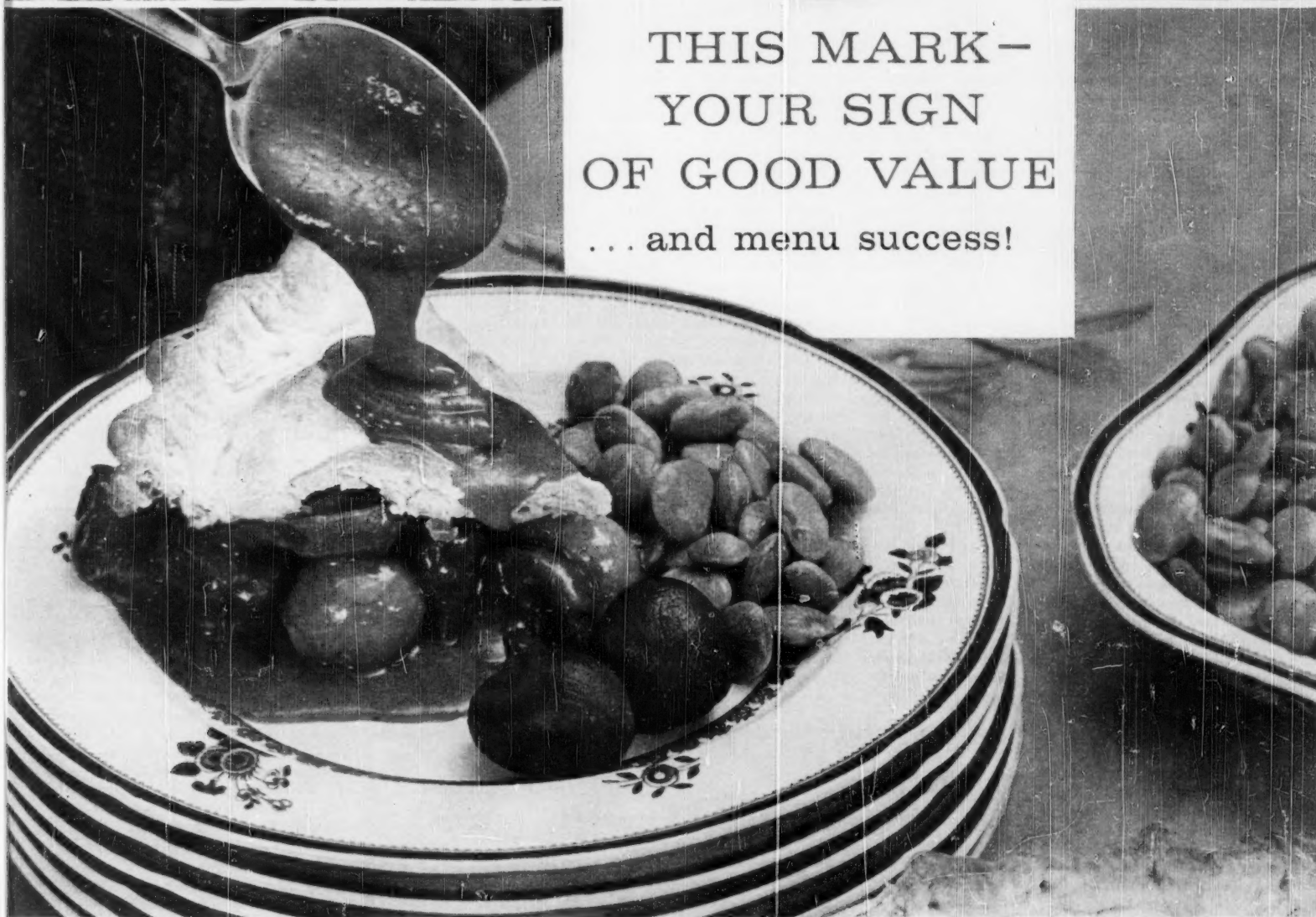
Ernie Kovacs as the nasty-but-lovable tycoon in *It Happened to Jane* . . . Joseph Schildkraut as Anne's saintly but unsanctimonious father in *The Diary of Anne Frank* . . . Audrey Hepburn as the sorely perplexed heroine of *The Nun's Story*, and Peter Finch as the skeptical but friendly doctor she encounters in the Congo . . . Billie Burke as the rich, wacky old lady in *The Young Philadelphians* . . . Edward G. Robinson as playboy Frank Sinatra's dyspeptic older brother from Brooklyn in *A Hole in the Head* . . . Sir Laurence Olivier as the suave and mocking British general in *The Devil's Disciple* . . . Sammy Davis Jr. as the satanic Sportin' Life in *Porgy and Bess* . . . Joseph N. Welch, famed American lawyer, in his acting debut as the judge in *Anatomy of a Murder* . . . Tony Randall as the mildly neurotic millionaire in *Pillow Talk* . . . the late Paul Douglas as the amiable hillbilly papa in *The Mating Game* . . . Thorley Walters as the bumbling English colonel in *Carlton-Browne of the F. O.* . . .

Janet Munro as Katie O'Gill in *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* . . . James Stewart as the jazz-loving defense counsel in *Anatomy of a Murder*, and George C. Scott as his sardonic legal opponent . . . Danny Kaye as Red Nichols in *The Five Pennies* . . . Orson Welles as the massive defense lawyer in *Compulsion*, and Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the youthful thrill-killers . . . Dean Martin as the ex-drunkard gun-fighter who helps Sheriff John Wayne in *Rio Bravo* . . . Robert Mitchum as the American-born, Mexican-raised professional gunman in *The Wonderful Country* . . . Jack Warden as the shrewd GI who knows how to handle civilians in *That Kind of Woman* . . . Martin Balsam as the henpecked young husband, who finally rebels, in *Middle of the Night* . . . David Wayne as the TV producer in *The Last Angry Man* . . . Debbie Reynolds as the amorous farm wench in *The Mating Game* and as Sgt. Glenn Ford's flighty bride in *It Started With a Kiss*.





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**FOR FLAVOUR AND TENDERNESS** —after browning beef and kidney, moisten with one cup beef stock before seasoning and simmering over low heat. The amount of liquid is important at this stage — too much, too early will reduce the flavour of the meat and tenderness of the kidney.

**TO MAKE SURE OF PLENTY OF GOOD THICK GRAVY** — after simmering for more than an hour, or until the meat is tender, thicken gravy by adding flour-and-water paste and increase quantity with beef stock.

**AND DON'T FORGET** — only the finest quality ingredients are worth your time and skill. That's why so many women depend on our "CP" mark as a buying guide. You see, it stands both for Canada Packers and for our pledge of finest quality in every one of the good things we offer you. We hope you'll test that promise soon — in your kitchen and on your table.



# Roy Thomson, the millionaire boss of a vast newspaper empire, says: "It's lonely up here at the top"

to "get even" with the rest of the world.

In Toronto, Phyllis Haslam, director of the Elizabeth Fry Society, an organization for the rehabilitation of young women just out of prison, has discovered that a great many girls turn to alcohol or drugs or promiscuity out of a feeling of rejection and loneliness.

Middle-aged couples whose children have grown up and left home often find themselves suddenly plunged into loneliness. When Armand Georges, a young actor lonely after his own marriage had broken up, recently undertook a one-man crusade against loneliness in the British Isles, he got forty thousand letters from lonely men and women, most of them in the middle-age bracket. He suggested that conversation on trains and buses should be encouraged "so that any lonely or withdrawn person would have a chance to express views on topics of the day," and that people with comfortable homes should put big cards in their front windows inviting lonely strangers to step in and visit them between the hours of 7 and 8 p.m.

A more practical suggestion might be that all of us develop some outside interests in our early years that will sustain us when we're older and need them.

Tied in with the loneliness of middle age is the depression and hysteria that often descends upon a woman at the time of her menopause when she realizes inevitably that she is losing her looks, her figure, her girlish allure, and — most traumatizing of all — her ability to bear children. Similarly, men at the climacteric tend to become depressed. Some, in desperation, test their diminishing sexual powers by what's come to be called "one last fling." When death removes one partner in a successful and happy marriage, loneliness steps in again.

Some, cheerful and self-sufficient by nature, take the loneliness of old age in their stride. Others echo the words of the elderly pensioner who complained, "When nobody wants you or needs you any more, how can you help being lonely?"

Not only the physically and mentally handicapped, but the beautiful, the successful, the rich and the clever often know the pangs of loneliness. Dime-store heiress Barbara Hutton, after six husbands, is reputedly one of the loneliest women on the face of the earth, and millionaire Roy Thomson, who recently added Lord Kemsley's newspapers to his already vast publishing empire, says mournfully, "It's pretty lonely up here at the top."

It seems that man is born with a need for contact and tenderness. If he is removed from his fellow men, his mind may become confused and deranged.

Solitary seafarers adrift on the ocean develop hallucinations and hear voices. People in prisons and concentration camps must struggle to maintain their perspective. Christopher Burney, who was in a German prison for eighteen months during World War II, relates in his book, *Solitary Confinement*, how he systematically exercised, sang songs, whistled, manicured his nails with a splinter, figured out arithmetic problems, and nurtured a small snail in his cell. ("It was company of a sort, an emissary from the world of real life.") When he was finally released he was afraid to

speak for fear his first words would prove him mad.

Dr. Alistair MacLeod, a Montreal psychiatrist on the staff of the Mental Hygiene Institute, says that people need some channel of communication with other people to build up their emotional reserves.

Dr. Karl Stern believes that the problem of human creativity is the real problem of loneliness: that we would be better off and less lonely making music than listening to it; playing a game instead of watching other people play it. He says, too, that many people manoeuvre themselves into a position of isolation and then taste the experience of loneliness. If they could realize it was of their own seeking, the next step would be to discover why, and overcome it.

When a person reaches the extreme stage of loneliness the worst thing that can happen to him is to be pushed into group activity. He is in such a position that, even if nourishment is offered to him, he is unable to swallow it. His depression may be lifted by drugs, but if the same circumstances prevail as before he may slip back into a deeper depression.

This final state of human isolation, so destructive and disintegrating that it renders its victims emotionally paralyzed, is what the German psychiatrist Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann calls "real loneliness."

Dr. Fromm-Reichmann's intense interest in loneliness began when one of her patients, a young woman in the grip of catatonic schizophrenia, suddenly broke through years of silence when asked how miserable she felt. In a recent issue of the medical journal, *Psychiatry*, the doctor relates how the girl slowly raised her

hand with her thumb lifted and the other four fingers bent out of sight. She continues: "I interpreted the signal with, 'That lonely?' in a sympathetic tone of voice, and at this the girl's facial expression loosened up as though in great relief and gratitude and her fingers opened. Then she began to tell me about herself by means of her fingers, and she asked me by gestures to respond in kind. We continued with this finger conversation for one or two weeks, and gradually her anxious tension began to decrease. After a while she emerged altogether from her loneliness."

Dr. Fromm-Reichmann describes this kind of loneliness as desperate, drastic, crippling, uncanny and akin to panic. People in its grip are beyond feeling sorry for themselves. They are set apart by their conviction that no one else has ever experienced what they are experiencing. One girl who had climbed out of the abyss told her, "I don't know why people think of hell as a place of heat and burning fires. Hell is if you are frozen in isolation into a block of ice. That is where I have been."

Many psychologists are convinced that the seeds of extreme loneliness are sown in infancy.

Dr. John Bowlby, a consultant in mental health to the World Health Organization, suggests that just as a baby may be born blind or deaf if its mother contracts German measles between the sixth and tenth weeks of pregnancy (at which time the baby's ears and eyes are just beginning to form), so, if it is emotionally deprived during its early years, when its mental life is in process of formation, it may develop deep and long-lasting ill effects, possibly even mental illness.

Babies in understaffed institutions, who get little attention, fail to gain weight, sleep badly, have little initiative, are seldom known to "coo" in sensual comfort. Babies who have had a happy and dependent relationship with their mothers during the first few months of life, and then lose them suddenly, are particularly vulnerable. If the separation continues without a satisfactory "mother substitute," they may show signs of depression and retarded development. Affection, from wherever it comes, is now refused. A writer for radio, tape-recording an afternoon in an institution for young children, watched a nurse reach out to caress a little girl and was startled to hear the child, utterly distraught, scream, "Don't love me! Don't touch me! Leave me alone!"

A Children's Aid Society caseworker, faced with the task of removing neglected children from bad homes, says, "To almost every child, loss of his parents is like surgery. Some never forgive and never recover. Even if they were unloved and abused at home, they build up a fantasy world in which their parents are wonderful, godlike creatures and we are the big bad kidnapers who took them away."

Some lonely children seem at first glance anything but lonely. It takes time to discover that they have no real feelings, no interest in anybody except themselves, no capacity for love and not much concentration. People who adopt children of this sort from institutions complain that they just don't have the emotional responses of the normal child.

One adoptive father, referring to a child who has been in his home for two years, says, "You just can't get to that girl! She chatters, but it's all on the surface. She kisses you, but you can tell it doesn't mean anything to her." His wife adds, "I swear I don't know her any more today than the day she came."

Psychologists say that it's this inability to get close to people which makes the lonely child a still lonelier adult.

They point out that even for the normal child there are lonely experiences, like the first day at school, the first night sleeping away from home, the first summer at camp. Adolescence is a time of extraordinary loneliness. Marrying and moving away from home is a lonely undertaking for many young men and women. Parents who give their children love and trust are building up their inner security and making it possible for them to "relate" to other people when they grow up. The child who has no opportunity to form a loving relationship in childhood may find it difficult, even impossible, to do so later on and will turn into a lonely, shut-in person who can't stand being with people.

Lonely souls of this sort have a neurotic need to put distance between themselves and everybody else. They don't want to compete, or co-operate, or even fight. They rebuff all overtures of friendship because they're too threatening. "If I don't let anything come near me, I can't be hurt," they reason.

Lonely people like this may not be incapacitated enough to be in an institution but in the eyes of psychiatrists, they're sick.

One young woman from a broken home, who had turned to psychoanalysis,

## JASPER

By Simpkins

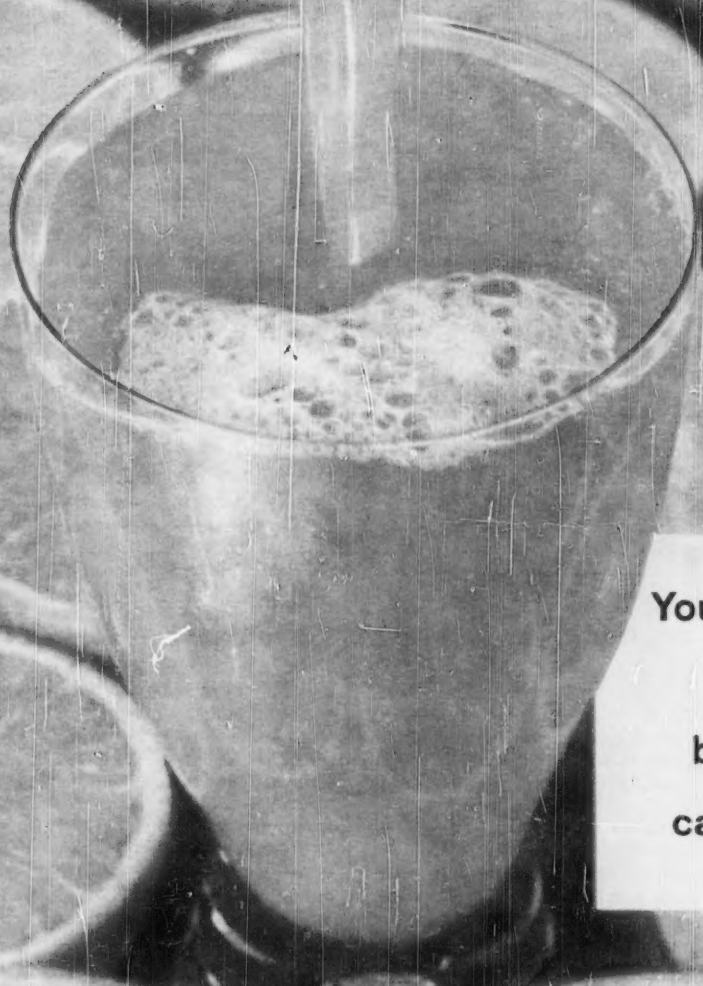


MACLEAN'S

"I'm not going to sleep till you get rid of that moth."



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related a typical dream of loneliness to her doctor:

She was walking at night on a long, long road, bound for nowhere. It was icy cold and snow fell. She was tired. She could barely stand. Suddenly a carriage drew up behind her, and its occupants, a young man and an older man, called out and offered her a ride. It was warm inside the carriage, but she waved it on, and soon it passed her and vanished in the distance. She continued to walk wearily in the snow.

A person suffering from this kind of extreme loneliness is unable — in life as in the young woman's dream — to accept the help that is offered to her.

Sometimes a child's feet are set on the path to loneliness by a family rule that "we don't discuss our problems." Violet Munns, director of casework for the Toronto Neighborhood Workers Association, an organization with thirty-one caseworkers who deal with personal and family problems, recalls an attractive woman who approached her not long ago in a last-minute effort to prevent her husband from divorcing her. She didn't want a divorce, but she suggested that if anyone were to blame, it was her husband: he didn't understand her, didn't help her, wasn't interested in her problems. As the interviews continued, it became evident that the woman did indeed

have many problems, but her husband knew nothing of them because she hadn't confided in him. She had grown up in a family that prized Spartan silence and private suffering. A relationship like marriage, which demands give and take, was strange and frightening. She wanted help, but she was unable to ask for it. Only after her own self-reliance was built up could she accept a new, more trusting relationship with her husband. Eventually the marriage was saved.

Not everybody's story ends on such a happy note. For every man and woman who knocks on the door of a social agency and says, "Help me. I'm lonely," there are thousands walking the streets in silence. They seem to feel loneliness has something shameful about it.

Dr. Stern, the Montreal psychiatrist, finds a sad loneliness characteristic of a group he calls "the culturally displaced" — those elderly eccentrics who make the mistake of identifying with a role, instead of relating to other people. Thus the daughter of a magistrate, now a dowager of seventy with purple hair and lorgnette, continues to think of herself as "the judge's little girl," although times have changed, social values have altered and the judge is long since dead.

Another psychiatrist, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, has declared that some lonely people, far from being rejected in child-

hood, were overloved and overvalued by their doting parents, who gave them the narcissistic notion that they were the centre of the universe. Growing up, they encounter a world which refuses to accept this glorified picture. Result: they draw back with the cold comfort that nobody understands them.

Not all loneliness is destructive. Out of man's solitude, his aloneness, have come great philosophies, great religions, great works of art. Quakers base their form of worship on collective silence. Many religious people find not only peace but excitement in the silence of their own thoughts, like Old Henry Welby, an English recluse of the sixteenth century, who withdrew from society at the age of forty, and of whom it is written:

"There was for him no greater recreation  
Than fasting, praying, reading,  
meditation."

Artists and writers, who must search their own loneliness for the stuff of creation, have probably come closest to expressing the beauties and terrors of man's isolated state. The books of the Old Testament, especially Job and Ecclesiastes, are monuments to human loneliness. Thomas Wolfe, the great American novelist, hailed loneliness as, "Dark face...

stern friend... blood brother to Proud Death."

Even for those of us who are not poets, some solitude is good, for sanity if not for our soul's sake.

In his searching analysis, *The Lonely Crowd*, David Riesman suggests that far too many of us are what he calls "other directed," moved chiefly by a desire to win the approval of other people. We conform to their values, make the right amount of money, live in the right kind of house, belong to the right clubs and bring up our children with the "right" values (largely materialistic).

Why, conforming as we do, are we still lonely? Possibly because our desire to move with the crowd is based on fear. It is a fearful world we live in, and the blow that ends it may fall any minute. When? And from where? Hiding in the crowd, perhaps we may escape. At least we can share our fear. So we reason.

What can we do about loneliness? A highly respected Canadian doctor who died last year suggested one answer. In her book, *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, Marion Hilliard declared: "Faith is the antidote for wretchedness and loneliness, the only one. With faith comes the ability to love, the greatest treasure of them all. If you are able to love, you will be loved, but you must give without being afraid..." ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"In ancient times, adultery was a practical problem — it involved no sense of mortal sin"

goddess like Aphrodite was known to be a bit of a jade.

The odd part of it is that adultery seems to have been taken far more seriously in those times than it is now. The Jews, of course, were expected to stone the woman taken in adultery, and the Roman woman taken in adultery was apt to find herself thrown into the Tiber, or declared a public prostitute available to all. But property rights, family rights, the heir and all, were involved in this view of adultery; it was a practical matter; there was no sense of mortal sin.

In fairness to the Christians of the second and third centuries, it should be recognized that many of them really believed that the day of the last judgment was close at hand; it could happen in their own time. The next world became so real to them that they wanted to turn away in an exaltation of the spirit from all the delights of this world. The thing to remember, and I'll come back to it later, for it is so relevant to our times and our own attitude, is that these Christians hadn't made that gross separation between sex and other worldly delights such as the love of power and money. With the light of eternity in their minds, all that was rich, worldly, powerful, colorful, giving the senses ecstatic pleasure, was as nothing; it was all of the flesh and they wanted to turn away from it. So why shouldn't they have felt impelled to turn away from their wives and sweethearts? And of all the mysteries of the flesh, what was more ecstatic, more beguiling, more delightful to the senses and more of the earth than the sexual love of a man and woman? Some of them seem to have recoiled from the sex act with a kind of horror. Remember though, it didn't mean turning to the flesh pots of the counting house. Yet who would quote Tertullian today on women? But why

not — if it is true that underneath our attitude to books, pictures, censorship, the whole domain of public sexual morality, is this underlying tradition that was established in the Christian church from the second to the fifth centuries?

For example, in Tertullian's view, woman is the source of sin, for it was Eve who was able to tempt Adam, when the devil himself couldn't do it. I am mentioning Tertullian, not because he is infallible in these matters, but to show how the attitude toward sex was being settled in his time for the thousand years

and more to come in the Christian world.

Yet as far as I can figure out, and there will always be some theologians at hand to correct me in this, the final odium, the ultimate uneasiness about the sex act, was achieved by St. Augustine when he taught that the original sin of Adam and Eve was transmitted from generation to generation by way of copulation. Later on, other church fathers concurred in this. Though he was a man of powerful intellect, of brilliant imagination who towers among the doctors of the church to this day, he nevertheless had a scan-

dalous view of women, in my opinion. If there are those who hold that he had a Christian view of women then they ought to quote him openly. I mean that now, when there is so much discussion about the attitude we are to take in our society toward sexual indecency there is not much point in having St. Augustine at our elbow if we are embarrassed in quoting him.

Of course, the Christian church, through the sacrament of marriage, redeemed the sex act, and woman herself. That Tertullian temptress who ought to go on forever, he thought, in sackcloth and mourning, having brought about man's fall, is redeemed by that sacrament, or I should say, that her dreadful attractiveness is so harnessed and controlled that it may become a way of grace. Indeed, it has been claimed that woman has never been exalted as she was in the Christian society. Yet it was the mother woman who was exalted; the mother, the source of gentleness, of forgiveness, of charity and chastity, the soul of the home.

Within this noble framework, I suppose, a man might also view his wife as a source of erotic delight, but certainly this aspect of her nature was not to be dwelt on. And along this line it should be remembered that today, too, many Christian teachers are insisting that the pleasures of sex for man and wife are never to be viewed as an end in themselves, but only as part of a shared desire for children.

Mulling this over, one might ask why it was that, in the Middle Ages when the great teachers had most eloquently expressed the Christian view of the sins of the flesh, there were so many licentious periods. Well, maybe it was because the general attitude was that the flesh was weak, maybe the attitude as yet hadn't



MACLEAN'S

"... It's easy to find, we're the only gray house on the street..."



Quiet, please

If conscience is a still, small voice,  
Which cautions one at will,  
Mine is, I think, extremely small.  
At least, it's very still.

LOIS F. PASLEY

hardened into a habit based on fear of the law or one's neighbor. In those days England was still called Merrie England. Anyway, there was a kind of general tolerance of the desires of the flesh even while the great teachers cried out against them. For example, St. Thomas Aquinas could recognize the dreadful necessity of the prostitute, as St. Augustine had done before him. Imagine a great clergyman of our day openly taking this stand in a pulpit!

And why too did the attitude — we shall now call it The Attitude — have so small an effect on the general sexual morality of the Renaissance? A time of licentiousness in high places it certainly was, a time of great unbridled individual passions when the whole world was widening and men were rediscovering that classic sense of beauty of the human body, the glory of color and everything that delighted the senses. But out of this wonder and delight with the visible world came the triumph of the Puritan revolt. In the seventeenth century, it seems to me, the peculiar Christian aberration of the conscience about sexual matters really flowered. We have inherited it as an attitude, the proper attitude. Why do I call it an aberration? In seventeenth-century England, when the Puritans took over, for my money they did a neat trick. On the surface the ghosts of old Tertullian, Augustine, and those early Christian fathers who saw in sex the very flower of the flesh, something to be turned away from as the whole world of the flesh was to be turned away from, ought to have been having a field day. The neat trick was, though, that the Puritans didn't turn away from other worldly concerns. They were excellent businessmen. They went about acquiring lands and worldly possessions for all they were worth. Of the things of this world then, it was only sex that was to be treated as something specially sinful, specially indecent, the only thing that stirred men to shame and lunacy.

Of these times of Cromwell and his fierce Ironsides, Winston Churchill, in his history of England, has written with real loathing. Men spied on each other, watching for some sign of moral turpitude. It was all part of a public attitude that had now hardened into a law. Merrie England had gone down the drain.

Just why this peculiar twist of the spirit got so deeply into the Anglo-Saxon blood is hard to figure out. My point is that as a public attitude it is there today, quite aside from any real private belief in it, quite aside from any appraisal or approval of the theology of it. The Lord knows that at that time the Catholics on the continent had launched the counter-reformation, and it has been said the church went into mourning. Irish Catholicism, under the Jansenist influence, was something to make the minds of men and women very uneasy about sex.

Mind you, in the eighteenth century, a nominally Puritan period—that's the great word to remember: nominally—according to Boswell's journals the streets were full of whores in the dark of night. But for public approval the

very popular dramatist, Lillo, could have one of his characters say, "If you mean the love of women, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me. But if you mean the general love we owe mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself." This was the kind of sentimental hypocrisy that could make a dramatist popular. And why not? The men who liked this kind of thing had performed an astonishing spiritual operation that would have embarrassed the early Christians who wanted to turn away from all worldly things. While money-grubbing for all they were worth, struggling for power, laying the ground work for child labor and the sweat shop, all the things that were Caesar's, they took out their sense of respectability, their sense of sin, their sense of decency in this one attitude to sex. They made and still make, as we do now in respectable circles—the thing is still with us—this separation of sex from all the other areas of sin, which, of course, leaves them a pretty free hand to go on their way to respectable success.

This attitude to sex is supposed to have flourished in Victorian times too; there was the hush-hush pose, the pious indignation, the raising of an eyebrow when a woman showed her ankle, and a lot of cluck-clucking, but it seems to me the attitude had settled into a style, a way of looking at things, and in a sense a kind of sham, for the meaning of the thing had been forgotten—as it still is now. It has been estimated that there were ten thousand prostitutes in London in Mr. Gladstone's time. In fact, in the Nineties, sin, meaning of course only sex, had taken on a kind of glamour.

The substance of my argument, for our time, is touched on in an odd way by the bald statement of the U.S. Postmaster General, Arthur E. Summerfield, concerning Lady Chatterley's Lover. "If that book is not filth, pray tell me what is filth," he said.

It is too bad there can't be a grand and proper trial where the whole question might be opened up on a heroic scale. It can be maintained just as well, of course, that Lady Chatterley's Lover is a moralistic tract, and that is its weakness. But what should be involved in a trial is two highly moralistic views of sex and its role in the peace and happiness of mankind, and even its religious aspects too.

I like to dream of a lofty ghostly courtroom where the whole Christian view of sex would be stated freshly; where Tertullian, Origen and St. Augustine could be called as witnesses; where they could remind us once again of their views on women and sex. All that we have forgotten could come into the open. And those worldly fellows, who have made sex their one area of shame, would have a chance to tell why they have done so. And that great observer of life, Tolstoy, could be called to explain why he once asserted that the greatest tragedies of life are the tragedies of the bedroom. The man who says, "It's filth, it's filth," could be asked to explain simply, without any red-faced stuttering, the pattern of his thinking. Then Lawrence would be given a chance to state his mystic point of view about sex as part of the harmony of all living and the necessity of a man and woman sharing this harmony without shame. The ghostly magistrate would insist only that everything be stated afresh so that he be given a chance for some real understanding of the case and what is involved.

It seems to me to be one of the great personal issues of our time. ★



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## Vancouver's main hotel had no staircase: Pope had to shinny up a ladder to reach his room

similar scene held at the same place on the occasion of a visit by Lord Lorne, then Governor-General, five years earlier, when there were no railways upon which prairie fires could be blamed. Billy Gladstone was also to have been the court interpreter on this occasion, but something occurred to prevent his attendance, and his place was taken by another whose knowledge of English was limited. Upon the Indian chief being invited to present his complaints, he began by a long harangue, illustrating his remarks by various pantomimic gestures. When at length he stopped for want of breath, Lord Lorne looked toward the interpreter who, feeling the responsibilities of the occasion and realizing the inadequacy of his linguistic attainments, hesitated, shuffled his feet, and finally replied, "He say he damn glad to see you." The Indian chief, no doubt wondering at the conciseness of the English tongue, then resumed his speech, and after more pantomimic appeals to the sun, sky, prairie, the Great Mother over the water, and so on, again subsided for want of breath. Again the Governor-General turned to the interpreter, who manifested renewed embarrassment, shuffled his feet as before, and finally replied, "He say he damn hungry."

In consequence of his more copious diction, which fitted with his great name, Billy Gladstone took more time to translate Crowfoot's speech than did his former *locum tenens*. In substance, both Indians said the same thing — that their people were originally happy and free with plenty of food at all times, that the white man had come in, taken their land, killed off their buffalo, thus depriving them of their means to live, and so forth. Crowfoot went on to protest his loyalty, which he had already proved in the rising of 1885, and, Sir John having appropriately replied and having provided a banquet for the occasion together with the presents of pipes, tea, and tobacco, this picturesque gathering terminated. We rejoined our train, and were soon speeding toward the great mountains already fringing the western sky.

With the mountains I was enormously impressed. The sublimity of the scene awed me beyond measure. As I sat with some members of our party on the cow-catcher of our train at a point near the summit of the Selkirks, suspended over a foaming torrent nearly three hundred feet below, with the glorious mountains all about us, I found myself unconsciously repeating the opening words of the *Te Deum*, "*Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur*," while all around seemed to answer back, "*Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur*."

Sir John joined us on the cow-catcher, and we rode together thereon about a hundred and fifty miles, a rather risky procedure, as we afterward learned, and any repetition of which Mr. Van Horne, when he heard of it, peremptorily forbade by reason of the land and rock slides which every now and then came thundering down the mountain slopes of the newly constructed road.

Lady Macdonald, with characteristic imprudence, occupied the cow-catcher most of the way between Canmore and Port Moody, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, Fred White, George Johnson, and I accompanying her in turn,

On the last morning of our western railway journey my turn on the cow-catcher came with the rising sun. We were going along over a straight piece of road near Hope at a fairly lively rate when suddenly there started up from a neighboring ditch a number of young pigs, just in front of the train. They ran for a while straight ahead of the engine, then broke and scattered, all except one little fellow who seemed determined to try conclusions with us, for he kept on the track, running as hard as he could, and squealing at the top of his bent. We closed on him rapidly. I knew we were in great danger, but there was nothing to be done. The train rushed on. The point of the cow-catcher was a foot from the pig's hind legs. I heard the thud as the on-speeding train struck him. Squealing, he was lifted high in the air, and passed between my body and the post I was holding! The engine driver, who immediately above me was looking out of his window in horror, comforted me after the crisis had passed, with the assurance that if that pig had struck any of us going at the rate we were, it would have been more disastrous than a rifle bullet. I have not ridden on a cow-catcher since.

The same day we reached the terminus at Port Moody (the railway not yet hav-



ing been carried through to Vancouver) and looked out on the blue waters of the Strait of Georgia. The usual address followed, and then Sir John, taking off his hat, addressed the people from the platform of his car.

As I stood on the shore of the Pacific by the side of that old man, with his grey hair blowing across his forehead, I could not help feeling what an exultant moment it must have been for him. Here was the full realization of his political dream of years. His chief opponent had left on record his belief that all the resources of the British Empire could not build the road in ten years. Here it was built, out of the resources of Canada, in less than half that time. It was no paper road, this. He had traveled over it himself. With his own eyes he had witnessed the marvelous feat. Here was the car which had brought him from Ottawa. Here, too, lapping his feet were the waters of the Pacific Ocean. His dream had become an accomplished fact!

British Columbia is to me the most

attractive of all provinces, and Victoria the Queen City of Canada. There is a charm about the latter which captures the visitor from the very start, as it did me, and which, after the lapse of well-nigh forty years, is as potent as ever. We took our steamer for Victoria and arrived at about 10 p.m. on the evening of Saturday the 24th of July. As we steamed into the harbor the strains of The Red, White, and Blue greeted our ears from over the water, and sounded very prettily. We were met on landing by a torchlight procession, and escorted to our hotel with much enthusiasm.

I remember, however, when one of us was sounding the praises of the Victoria climate, Sir John agreed, but added as an aside, "The day was always in the afternoon." The intimation was plain, but I must say I never experienced any enervating quality in the Victoria air, though perhaps it does not possess quite the strength and vigor of the lower St. Lawrence.

Candor compels me to observe that the hotel people of Victoria, even in those primeval days, were not wholly unacquainted with the art of making visitors pay for the privilege of enjoying their beautiful city. I had had an intimation of this beforehand, so it was with some trepidation, in view of Sir John's economical views on such subjects, that I approached the counter of the Driad Hotel to pay our bill. I was one of a small queue bent on the same errand. Ahead of me, chewing a cigar, was a Yankee, wearing, like the practical politician I met in Sir David Macpherson's office in Toronto four years before, a black top hat, much tilted, and a light tweed coat. This gentleman immediately preceded me. As he got his bill, I was not reassured to hear him say, "By G-d, I'll not pay that, I'll fight like a — of — first." I do not recall how he came out of it, being too much engrossed with my own affairs. Our bill amounted to \$1,193. There were six in our party, including two servants. We had lived on a most moderate scale, had dined *table d'hôte*, and our wine bill amounted only to ten dollars. On the matter being brought to Sir John's notice, he remarked philosophically, "Of course, you have got to pay it." I think what riled me most was an additional livery stable charge of \$37.50 for bringing our luggage up from the steamer to the hotel, a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

On the 13th of August Sir John formally opened the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and afterward descended six hundred feet down the main shaft of a coal mine at Nanaimo, the scene a few weeks later of a terrible explosion whereby one hundred and fifty miners lost their lives. On the same afternoon we left Nanaimo for New Westminster in Mr. Robert Dunsmuir's tug Alexander. As I said in my diary: "The sun was setting when we stood out to sea, and its rays lighting up the landscape made our last glimpse of Vancouver Island a very beautiful one — only less beautiful than the mainland hills toward which our faces were now turned, while in order that nothing might be wanting to complete the scene, Mount Baker stood radiant in the southern sky, catching and reflecting the light back to us for some time after the sun had disappeared below the horizon."

Sir John and Lady Macdonald were the guests in New Westminster of the Rt. Reverend Mr. Sillitoe, the Anglican Bishop, whose accommodation was not equal to putting up the whole party, so Fred White and I drove over to Vancouver, which, started in February and burned down in June, was just rising from its ashes.

White and I approached the proprietor of the principal hotel in the place and asked him if he could give us a bed for the night. "Well," said he, "if you don't mind shinny up a ladder to it. I'll be glad to accommodate you gentlemen, but the fact is we have not yet got the stairs up in this hotel." We willingly complied with the conditions and these are the circumstances under which I spent my first night in Vancouver.

Among the few people I knew in the town was Mr. A. W. Ross, member of parliament for Selkirk, Manitoba, then doing business as a land agent in Vancouver. He tried his best to induce us to buy some town lots on the corner of what is now Hastings and Granville Streets for \$700 a lot, one of which has since sold for \$475,000. Neither of us had the money to buy, nor was the offer so tempting as it sounds today. Then the whole western problem had not got beyond the experimental stage. There was no assurance, for example, that wheat would ripen on the prairies. On the solution of that problem the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway depended, and if the Canadian Pacific Railway did not succeed, what would become of Vancouver?

We arrived back in Ottawa on the 30th of August, and so closed one of the most remarkable and enjoyable incidents in my life.

My nine years of association with Sir John Macdonald proved of inestimable value to me. Entering his service an inexperienced youth, I knew very little of society. My father's death at the outset of my official career had compelled me to practise the severest economy, and this, to a certain extent, prevented me from mixing with my fellows. I lived in one room in a boarding house on twenty dollars or so a month. Social clubs were unknown to me. I had no means to go out. But when the doors of Stadacona Hall and Earncliffe were thrown open, and my financial circumstances began to improve, I issued in some measure from the obscurity in which I had hitherto dwelt.

The Prime Minister's private secretary is always more or less of a personage and enjoys many advantages. From the start I was treated with the greatest kindness and confidence by my chief, and came by degrees to be regarded almost as a member of his family.

I remember that on one occasion, shortly after I had entered upon my secretaryship, Lady Macdonald was giving a luncheon, and I, working in the office, was not unnaturally overlooked. Quite possibly those in charge of the luncheon arrangements did not know I was in the house. Later, when my presence was discovered, my lunch was sent in to me on a tray, quickly followed by Sir John himself, who apologized for the oversight, telling me that he was much annoyed about it. He always attached importance



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to what many men affect to consider trifles. "Forms are things," he was wont to say. That a man should be given his correct style and titles he was always most careful to observe.

One day when leaving the East Block with him, I was going out by the Governor-General's door when he checked me. "That entrance is reserved to the Governor-General," he said, as we walked on to the main exit. The remark was a simple one, but it conveyed a lesson which I never forgot, though I am afraid the correct practice has been for many years more honored in the breach than in the observance. "There are few things a person resents more than to have his name misspelled," he said to me on one occasion when I had inadvertently put an Mc for Mac or committed some trivial inaccuracy of that sort. To recognize the relative importance of people, their little peculiarities, their correct modes of address, all these things he so inculcated by precept and example that I gradually acquired a certain aptness in such mat-

ters which proved a great help to me in after life.

As I have said, I encountered many kinds of people during my secretaryship—some of less distinction than those of whom I have been speaking. One morning, not long after my appointment, as I was sitting in the office at Earscliffe, which had a separate entrance for visitors on public business, a man swaggered into the room full of the most overpowering assurance, and demanded to see Sir John.

"He is in his library," I replied, "but I don't think he will see anyone this morning."

"Oh," exclaimed the intruder, "he'll see me. You just take my card into him, young fellow, and it will be all right." He fairly swept me off my feet as I hastened to comply with his request, wondering who the great man might be, and whether I had been sufficiently deferential to him. Sir John took the card. "Where's Ben [his servant]?" he asked. "He's in the pantry, Sir," I replied.

"And you left this fellow alone in the office?" exclaimed Sir John. "Good God, he'll steal everything in the room!"

Having recounted my first experience of this gentleman, I think, in justice to Sir John's estimate of him, I should supplement it by my last. Years passed on. I profited by experience, and soon got to know "K," who turned up every now and then, but who never tried his nonsense with me again.

When Macdonald died, Mr. Abbott, his successor in the Premiership, invited me to continue on as his private secretary for a while until as he expressed it he "got into the way of things."

One morning, shortly after Mr. Abbott was installed, "K" called and asked very humbly, but very earnestly, to see the Premier. Again I took in his card, and this time, rather pluming myself upon my experience, volunteered to Mr. Abbott the information that "K" was not a desirable person, accompanied by the suggestion that perhaps on the whole he had better not see him. Abbott smiled—

that sweet smile which Macdonald used to say was "from the teeth outwards"—and softly replied, "Oh, Pope, I have known Joe K. for thirty years, and a damn'd scoundrel God never made. Tell him I'll not see him."

Speaking of this type, I remember once a rather big man, a contractor of some sort, calling on Sir John Macdonald. Mr. L. R. Masson, Sir John's sometime colleague in the Ministry, and afterward Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, a gentleman whom the Premier esteemed highly, happened to be in the room at the time. Sir John politely received the visitor, who as I remember was rather hard of hearing, but as he shook hands with him, in some way contrived to prevent Masson from doing likewise, saying in an undertone to the latter, "I have got to shake hands with this fellow, but you haven't." ★

A second excerpt from the memoirs of Sir Joseph Pope will appear in the next issue.



### A visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jan Rubes continued from page 20

"They first met while acting in a Montreal movie. He had to kiss her thirty times"



day with the Rubeses one Saturday last November I found them in a state of relative crisis. A skunk was caught in the garbage pail. The screen that had been delivered for the open fireplace in the living room didn't fit. Susan had had a minor accident with the car. Jonathan was just home from the hospital where he'd had his tonsils out and was suffering from a change of voice. "It used to be deep and low," Susan said, imitating what it used to be. Jonathan refused to open his mouth to show what it now was. There had been two guests coming for drinks the next day, but the number was increasing: it was now at eight.

Jan remained unruffled. He hadn't had much sleep, having taken the last plane after doing a broadcast of Songs of My People from Montreal the night before. He had an afternoon rehearsal for the Canadian Opera Company's production of The Barber of Seville, about to resume a national tour begun last fall. They were opening two days later in Kirkland Lake, Ont.

"It's a funny thing: the role of Don Basilio that I sing in The Barber, that's the first opera role I ever learned, in Prague."

Both Jan and his wife were born in Czechoslovakia. His father was a teacher in a small village; her father an army officer.

Like his brother, now a Prague psychiatrist, Jan had intended to enter medicine. But in 1938, soon after they occupied the country, the Germans closed Charles University in Prague, following demonstrations by the students. Jan, with nothing to do, started training to be an opera singer. He soon went to a Czech provincial opera company, to get a wider choice of singing roles. Later the Germans sent him to one of the municipal opera houses in Germany rather than to a labor camp. That ended, however, when they sent him to jail for trying to aid escaping French prisoners of war. He escaped from jail and spent the rest of the war hiding near his home. When the war ended he became one of Prague's leading basses, but after the communists took over Czechoslovakia in 1948 he de-

cided to leave and refused to return from a Swiss music festival to which he had been sent.

"It must be hard for Canadians to understand how so many of us grew up," Jan said to me. "Switzerland was the first country where I saw that you could just go into a store and buy anything you wanted." Soon after he arrived at his uncle's home in Toronto, Jan was taken to a party. "It was incredible. There was all this food on the table, and just free. But nobody was really eating. As a matter of fact, the ladies were standing there talking about how not to eat."

The irony was not lost on Jan, who stands six foot two and weighs, now that he's well fed, about a hundred and eighty-five pounds. The contrast Jan makes with Susan is a little startling at first sight. Where he is big, methodical, placid, she is small (five feet tall), restless, and volatile: "I like jet travel," she announced during a discussion of walking. Susan's family were also Czech political refugees, but much earlier, from the Germans. She was brought up in New York and is thoroughly American.

Though they had moved into their new house only three weeks before I visited them, it seemed remarkably com-

plete. "It's our first house," Susan said. "I want to be well settled so that we can feel, if we have to move again soon, that we've lived somewhere."

Unimpressed by modern suburbia's ubiquitous single-storied home, Jan and Susan have built a five-level house that spills down the side of a steep ravine. The levels are knitted together by stairways: there's even a back stairs from the kitchen to the top level, where the bedrooms for the children and the maid are.

The house is thoroughly modern and thoroughly equipped. The kitchen, the main entrance and the dining room are on the level below the children's bedrooms; the living room and main bedroom on the next lower level; a store-room-workroom on the next; and at the bottom is a recreation room, Jan's study, the patio and an outdoor swimming pool.

"We didn't intend to have a pool," Susan said. "But the building inspector came around and said that our carport, at the side of the house, would eventually wash away into the ravine, so we'd have to build a retaining wall to hold it. That was going to cost a lot of money—about two thousand dollars—and everyone wanted cash!"

She explained how they then hit on

the idea of having a pool built instead. It would do the same job, and they could pay for it in installments. Besides, she added, "We may as well enjoy ourselves. Who knows how long we'll have to enjoy a real house? And anyway, who wants to die with sixty thousand dollars in the bank?"

Jan met Susan soon after he came to Canada, when he was given a part in Forbidden Journey, a film being made in Montreal. The first time he played a scene with Miss Douglas they had to kiss thirty times. They were married when the film had its premiere.

She was already a well-known young American actress, with several Broadway plays, Hollywood movies, and extensive radio and television experience behind her. She played parts in almost all the radio soap operas and when one of them, The Guiding Light, went on TV she was chosen to play Kathy, one of the major characters. For six years Susan played Kathy. Twice she was briefly written out of the script, when Christopher was born in 1954, and when Jonathan was born in 1956. But with her third pregnancy in 1958 the author wrote Kathy out permanently by killing her off. "I think they'd had enough," Susan said.

With all the rush of moving to Toronto from New York last spring, the summer at the Stratford Festival (where Jan sang Pluto in a production of Offenbach's Orpheus in The Underworld), a holiday at their Georgian Bay cottage and the problems of finishing and moving into their new house, Susan has been too busy to worry much about working. But it's on her mind again.

"I like to work a lot," she said. "It doesn't have to be the most artistic sort of thing, but if I don't work I go rusty. Something not so good almost every day is better than something very good once every four months." So far she has done little television work in Canada.

"I think the CBC should do a TV soap opera," Susan said. "I think the soap opera is the most underrated piece of work in the business. Some absolutely wonderful scripts turn up."



Drawing from the enchanting repertory of fairyland, Jan uses the puppets from his boyhood to amuse his sons, who prefer these to the TV set on which the stage stands.



Susan admits that most soap operas are not "wonderful" but she insists that they are well written, and because of their concentration on character often produce moving programs. Acting for the TV soap opera is fairly strenuous, because a new fifteen-minute show must be memorized each day. "The first six months I did it were pretty rough," she said, "but memorizing is just a matter of training, after all, and you get on to it. It took me two or three hours a day—on my way to and from work and at home. You learn the lines just for the day—and concentrate instead on the development of the character and the meaning of the lines."

Recently she was offered another part in a New York soap opera. "I considered it," Susan said, "but it would have meant commuting, taking the plane down in the morning and back at night."

"To New York? Every day?" I asked. "Jan thought it was ludicrous," Susan replied. "I turned it down. Maybe next year. I'll see how the work goes here..."

As Jan pointed out to me at lunch, he has been able to follow his career pretty much as he wanted to because of the support Susan gave him with her work in such things as soap opera. It meant, however, that they had to live in New York, and that is one enthusiasm they do not share. Because they lived there, and because he was making a lot of his income in the States, in 1952 Jan took out American citizenship. "It wasn't a question of belonging to anything," he says. "I vitally needed papers so I could go on procuring a livelihood on both sides of the border." But he didn't like living in New York.

For one thing he was away a lot. In 1956 he slept in one hundred and seventy-nine different beds and last year spent two hundred and seventy days in Canada. And living in New York was very expensive: nine hundred and sixty dollars a month just for the apartment and help.

Then there was the effect of New York on the children and himself. "I feel it would be absolutely unfair to my children to bring them up in New York. Susan doesn't agree with me—she was brought up there. But what if they're like me? I'm a very soft individual. When I was in jail in Germany I had a mean jailer—perhaps it was because I'm a big man and he was very small. But I just felt sorry for him. It's like that in New York—if you're like me—if you'll stand in line and let people pass you, they'll take advantage of you. I don't hate them, I feel sorry for them."

Last year Jan finally persuaded Susan to make the move. Jan loves Toronto. Susan is reserving judgment—for the moment.

"I can afford to do things in Toronto I could never afford to do in New York," Jan said. "I can go and play golf. My cottage is an hour and a half away. I have privacy. I can see my friends without making an appointment. I can even drive the car downtown!"

But the great attraction in Canada for Jan Rubes is his work.

"In the States I just wouldn't have had the chance to do the things I have been able to do here." The first chance was that offered him by the CBC. In 1949, a few days after he arrived, he sang in a CBC Wednesday Night production of *La Traviata*. Many engagements followed; later he became the host on radio's *Songs of My People*; last summer he was star of a somewhat similar TV show, *Rhapsody*. "If anything should happen to the CBC," Rubes says firmly, "the Canadian public would be the incredible loser, and culturally we

might just as well fold up and dissolve the border."

Rubes' second chance came when he got a part in the first Opera Festival in Toronto in 1950. He has missed only one season since. Trained as he was in the European tradition, where the opera singer works regular hours, with full security, in government-subsidized buildings and under the comfortable mantle of guaranteed budgets, he was amazed by Canadian opera. There were no buildings. There were no companies. There was no money. There wasn't even, to begin with, much of an audience.

Canadian opera has gradually taken hold, however, and in the fall of 1958 the Toronto Opera Festival (now the Canadian Opera Company) got some Canada Council money and took *The Barber of Seville* on the road.

Jan had never been through anything like it in his life. He sang the role of Don Basilio nineteen times in three weeks, an almost unheard-of thing in opera.

The response to the opera in small towns and cities across Canada was marvelous. "For the first ten minutes," Jan says, "it's like a man trying out the water with his big toe. But in no time at all people throw away their inhibitions and they give. Because they have no pre-fabricated traditions they take it for what it is—entertainment. They laugh! In one performance we did for teenagers, when Rosina (the heroine) came on they whistled. This is the kind of enthusiasm I imagine there must have been when these operas were first performed."

#### In a world of witches

While Jan now sings more than fifty operatic roles this doesn't adequately describe his range, for he can sing many of these roles in several versions. He has learned Smetana's *The Bartered Bride* five times now: in its original Czech, in German and in three English versions. When singing Don Basilio in *The Barber of Seville*, Jan found he remembered all the roles in Czech—except his own.

But it is opera in English, in small Canadian towns, with no sets and only a piano, that he has found most satisfying. That is probably the major reason he is living in Toronto. As he told me this, his son Christopher was hovering, playing at being a witch. "He lives in a world of his own, that boy," Jan said, shaking his head. "He's not yet reconciled to the fact that he's a boy." Christopher wanted to be made up as a witch, with a funny rubber nose and long black hair. "Later," his father said gently, "Later. You have to learn one thing in life, Christopher, which is most important—patience." Christopher went back to drawing a make-believe witch. "He's living in a fairyland," Jan said, in a voice that did not entirely disappear.

"It's a hard thing for a child to learn—patience," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "It's the one thing I learned through the war. This wasn't our war. People like me were very lucky—we didn't have to fight—we just waited. Always we were waiting for something to happen, waiting for food, waiting for education, waiting to start our lives. Some did partisan work, but for most, it was waiting. You learned patience. I learned to wait though, without wasting time. Always I have my brief case with me, always some music, some writing, you can always pick up some knowledge."

"One thing I found out about young people in Canada, when I taught a term at a camp in Muskoka my first year

here. It was like that food table when I first came—there were all the facilities, all the equipment, but still about ninety percent of those kids indulged in absolutely useless standing around, incredible wasting of time. You had to coax and charm them to do something. At the moment there are so many jobs you could get a livelihood by using only half your capacity—giving only half of what you have. The mass of people seem satisfied with living only at half speed."

"Today things are so easy. Not everywhere. I noticed in Quebec the way the kids play hockey, as if the only way to escape is to become a big star like Richard. Perhaps this is part of what's happening in the communist states—perhaps this is one of the reasons they work so hard—to better their existence."

Jan pointed out that he had been brought up in a less frantic, more stable atmosphere. Probably the young people in Europe, he thought, are as confused as everyone else. But still: the spirit in Canada is not what he was trained to, and he is affected. For instance, he was trained in the tradition of the European artist who, with security and a regular salary, works for his art, to perfect it, to bring it to its highest development. "Well, sometimes, here," Jan went on, "I feel I do take some engagements just because I want the money."

Yet it is not the material success North America has given him that is Jan's primary goal. He is seeking an atmosphere for his family not unlike that he had as a boy—a home, stability, space in which to breathe and play.

He is wonderful with his children.

In the recreation room there is a puppet theatre, placed, symbolically I felt, right above the built-in TV set, so that the top of the TV is the floor of the puppet stage.

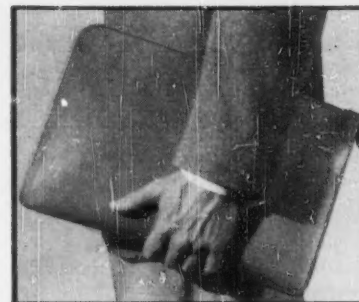
Jan's mother has sent him from Czechoslovakia all the puppets and scenery he used as a boy. With these he gives performances in which the characters and plots are drawn from the enchanting, violent repertory of fairy tales. One needs only to see the enthusiastic response of his children to one of these performances, and the dead blank grey eye of the TV set beneath it, to understand how some of those whose youth predates such wonders as television are anxious to preserve the immediacy and the spontaneity of amusements and pleasures in which there is active participation.

"I was luckily born in an era," Jan said, "when if we wanted music, we did it ourselves. My mother played the piano, my father the fiddle. We had an amateur theatre that did six or seven productions a year. We were much better off."

It is not simply his memories that draw from Jan nostalgic comments about his childhood. Most men remember their youth with affection, but Jan Rubes is an exile who can never correct that memory by visiting its scenes, or even by talking to his closest relatives—like his mother, whom he has not seen since he fled Czechoslovakia eleven years ago.

To such men the countries they settle in remain alien in one very real sense. This was pointed up recently when an Ontario judge asked a young Italian immigrant applying for citizenship if he would fight his brothers in a war between Canada and Italy. The man said he would not, and he didn't get his citizenship.

Jan put it differently, but his point was the same. "I was born in a free republic. All my roots are there. I think it's greatly exaggerated to think I could feel the same kind of national chauvin-



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isms toward Canada. I am a person who is dreading, and abhors and hates these over-nationalist feelings, because they've brought on so much misery, especially in Europe. But from that point of view I am always a Czech. On the other hand, I can make a good Canadian, keep the laws, make a contribution. But always I stay a nationalist schizophrenic. I saw the Queen at Stratford and while I was impressed I just can't feel the same sort of warmth for her as I felt for President Masaryk.

"So often we encounter this kind of nationalism on Songs of My People. Often I sing a folk song gathered from a person or a book or one I have known, and then get indignant letters from other nationalities saying how dare we claim this song — it belongs to such-and-such a

people. Suddenly in such a letter you feel the old European hatred between the countries. It's understandable, with the small areas, and everyone trying to get the upper hand. What we answer is: this is one land where we could shed off these feelings and share one common thing. Ultimately our children will accept the song, as a song, on its merits."

Jonathan had taken the lens cover from the photographer's camera.

"Give it to me back," Jan said.

"Give it back to me," Susan corrected him.

"I have a lot of trouble learning a language," he pointed out. "When I first came people would ask me, 'How do you do?' and I felt they were genuinely interested, so I'd tell them: 'Thank you, I'm not well.'"

"You soon pass that. But I still notice a feeling here, a tentativeness about Canadians. People would ask how you like it here and expect you to say a few complimentary phrases. It was as if they wanted you to confirm that what they did was acceptable and the right way. I can't do that."

"I remember the way my village was liberated — it was the sixth of May — by Patton and the Third Army. The whole village had assembled in the square. When the first tank rolled down the square I saw there was a white man standing in the turret. A colored man stood in the turret of the second tank. There were cheers, tears; the emotional impact of that moment was incredible — it was a moment you were really alive. A lot of people go through life without

ever experiencing a moment like this. You can go on drawing on that kind of experience for years, and because of it I can possibly give more than some Canadians who live more sheltered lives."

"You're going to be late for your rehearsal," Susan said.

"I'll vocalize for five minutes and then we'll go."

A few minutes later Jan folded himself into my small car, and we started out for downtown, and his rehearsal, which would last until ten o'clock at night.

"You must be tired," I said.

Jan shrugged his shoulders slightly. "It's all right," he said. "It's better than when we were in New York. It's a wonderful feeling to be able to come home to your family." ★



## How I learned about strangers continued from page 18

### "One stranger and I formed a sort of Flops Anonymous; it was a friendship I won't forget"

Sunday, too. The Bible said there'd be Christians like that!"

I've never seen more mixed motives, but it was all the same to me. The addition of a personal triumph doesn't take anything away from a good turn, and it often provides an extra incentive.

I saw another example of this one time I locked myself and my family outside my car when it was getting dark in a section of Los Angeles right out of Dragnet. Within five minutes a group of old Californians who had been asleep under newspapers, every one looking as if he had enough troubles of his own to last him the rest of his life, were trying to reach the keys, which were hanging from the switch. They were inspired to increased efforts by a cop who arrived and started to try to reach the keys with a straightened-out, wire coat hanger. Every time the civilians looked through the car window at all that power and majesty at the end of a coat hanger on the other side, they worked faster. Finally a little guy who looked as if he hadn't worked so hard since he discovered lilac lotion, got the small window open enough to reach in and open the door. With a beatific smile he lifted the keys from the switch before the disgusted gaze of, the cop who was still locked out on his side, and there was a faint but stirring cheer. Then all the bums went back to their benches to start going to pieces again.

There may be certain cynics who claim that using a friendly gesture for private ends isn't especially a mark of charity, but there's some self-interest in all good actions. The notable thing isn't that strangers get some personal reward from being helpful, but that they bother at all. I don't think analyzing a kind deed alters it. For instance, I think a stranger often sees in another stranger an opportunity for a kind of secret atonement.

One time I was helped to find accommodations for myself and my family, who were all sick, in a small town in Arizona, where a Scot with a face like a friendly prune drove me around looking at houses, all the while delivering homely truths about the human race, and pointing out that the U.S. navy was operated from Moscow, the Salvation Army run by gangsters, the White House riddled by the Mafia and all Scotch whisky watered, and generally running down mankind, which was evidently a lifetime hobby of his. I began to realize that one

reason he welcomed the chance of helping a stranger in distress was to reassure himself that he wasn't the negative character he was beginning to sound. I gathered that this man had attained a certain local stature as a completely cynical man, while all the time carrying around with him this guilty secret — he liked people. The only way he could practice being benevolent without going back on all the arguments he'd had with his cronies for years was to help strangers, who couldn't squeal on him.

Another thing, a stranger often welcomes another stranger as someone to whom he can make wholesome confessions, without the danger of having them brought up again later by friends. I struck one of these acquaintances in Florida when a shrewd buy I'd made in a cheap car left me stranded with my wife and kids on a strip of highway where the only place to eat was a drive-in spaghetti-and-beer house. It had just

den by juniper bushes half a mile up the highway, a shrewd move that had worked out about like my idea of quitting a good job in Toronto to make my fortune as a freelance writer. During the time I ate there, we formed a sort of Flops Anonymous. It was a brief but warm friendship I'll never forget.

A stranger not only presents a chance for safe and open confession, but an opportunity to be completely natural. We're all playing a part of some kind most of our lives. With a stranger we can sit down without our grease paint, light cigarettes and act ourselves between scenes.

I saw this happen early one morning on the Santa Fe when I was preparing to get off the train at a little desert town named Joshua Forks which had been recommended to me as an ideal place to live — by a woman, who, incidentally, went on to Santa Monica.

A hundred miles before the stop where I was to get off, an enormous man with a sagging face and a voice like a diesel horn got on roaring like a Neanderthal man that he was going to murder a companion of his, a fat boy with a thick Georgia accent and eyes like a water moccasin. He sat down beside a woman, evidently thinking he was in a sleeper, and started to undress singing Hi Lovely Meadows, and, when the woman called for help, he threatened to murder a pale but determined conductor named Fleury who faced him with a white face and a resolve to die with his conductor's cap on. Later he invited an elderly pediatrician to join him in polishing off a jug of bourbon and got cut dead, and finally looked around for someone else to insult, while I sat there with my wife, two children and my typewriter, feeling like the character from the east they don't bother to shoot but just run out of town tied backwards on a horse. I was not only worrying about whether I was next in line to be murdered, but about how I was going to get off with a big steamer trunk I'd bought in Toronto that looked like and weighed about as much as a small armored Brinks truck.

But when the train pulled into the station I found that the newcomer was getting off with me carrying my trunk, and as we walked to the station in the cool desert morning he told me that he had two little girls like mine back in Illinois and if things didn't change soon

he was going to quit his job and go back to them, that he had worked for a year in Toronto and liked it, although he'd nearly frozen to death one night waiting for a Bloor car, that his grandmother was from Land's End, England, and that he hated traveling, the desert and working for the railway, and in fact turned out to be about as far from the way he'd looked when he got on the train as anybody could get. Apparently he was glad to be talking to someone who was just passing through and with whom he didn't have to act the way westerners are supposed to act. I saw him often after that as the desert heat started to climb and he'd call across the shimmering street to me cooling thoughts like, "How'd you like to be waiting for a Bloor car right now?"

And I'll always remember one time in the dining car of a transcontinental train when my youngest kid threw a tantrum about eating her supper and it turned into a family fracas, with me having a tantrum myself, both my kids crying and my wife whispering tensely that she was going to divorce me as soon as the train stopped. All this was under the cold stare of a woman loaded with mink across the aisle, and her prosperous-looking husband, who finally came over to me looking as if he were drafting a letter to the president of the railroad about the type of people he was selling tickets to, and told me the trouble was that I didn't know his technique of getting food into a child's mouth. He explained something about putting a little bit on a spoon and flipping it into her mouth from a distance, at which point his wife came over and gave him a look that would have had his shareholders selling their stock, and said, "My God, anybody could tell how often you fed our children," and took over from my wife, actually getting some food into the mouth of my youngster, who was so surprised at all that mink that she forgot to spit it out.

All in all, although I've done my share of reading about the essential depravity, greed and selfishness of man from the time he peers out of his bassinet with half-formed thoughts of parricide until he grows up and tries to steal his best friend's job. I've discovered that it's not the whole story. At odd times in between, he's capable of some encouraging behavior. It's one of the things I've learned from meeting a lot of strangers. ★

#### No-how

Among the words that throw a tot  
You may be certain 'no' is not.

Ida M. Pardue

been opened in what looked like a white-washed box car by a husky, scholarly-looking young man in dark-rimmed glasses. During the five days that my wife and kids and I ate there, his first and, as far as I know, his only customers, he used to make special trips into town to buy food our children could digest, just because he knew I was stuck with eating at his joint, which sold only spaghetti. He'd buy tinned baby foods at a grocery store, and that night when we came in he would have lettered on his menu, "OUR CHILDREN'S SPECIAL FOR TODAY."

Counting the mileage he put on his car he must have lost about ten bucks on our patronage, but I think one of the reasons he wanted to help us was that he used to like to sit swapping stories with me about the biggest mistakes we'd made in our lives. He had quit a good job in a New York advertising office to come to Florida and had seen this wonderful business opportunity of taking customers away from a swank roadhouse half hid-





## Is anybody winning the trading-stamp war? continued from page 11

**"Women love them," says a stamp executive. "A parasitic infection," claim many retailers**

to their spread in Canada is the law. Under Section 369 of the Criminal Code "trading stamps" are illegal. But another section, 322, defines a stamp as legal if on it is printed its value and place of issue, and if the store will redeem it at any time with goods the store owns, in the place where the stamp was given out. In most cases tried so far these conditions were violated. But as the big chains use stamps now they appear to comply with the code.

This means that stamps in Canada aren't interchangeable. A U. S. housewife can fill her gas tank, get stamps, buy shoes, get more stamps, have her hair done, more stamps, lug home her week's groceries — and perhaps fill up a third of a book. (A book holds fifteen hundred stamps representing one hundred and fifty dollars in purchases.) But in Canada, because all the stamps that go into one book must be from the same store, a housewife must wait much longer to collect any premiums. Spending twenty-five dollars a week for food, she'd take a year to get a pop-up toaster, two years for a floor polisher and ten years for a TV set.

Loblaws thinks it "inevitable" that the law will be "simplified," and trading-stamp salesmen are telling small merchants of every type that soon everyone will be giving stamps and they'd better sign up first. "Nothing can stop them," proclaims C. R. McFadden of the Blue Chip Premium Company, which supplies Loblaws' Lucky Green stamps. "Women love them and they've shown they're going to have them."

Not so, asserts Mrs. E. H. S. Piper, Quebec president of the Canadian Association of Consumers. "Consumer demand is really consumer tolerance. Women realize that if they don't take the stamps they're paying for someone else's gift or paying an outright gift to the stamp manufacturer."

The CAC feels that stamps are "a bribe to buy" and a moral threat. The Retail Merchants Association labels their lure that of a lottery and calls them "a parasitic infection in the mercantile bloodstream." The Canadian Congress of Labor sees them as "an attempt to levy tribute on the retail trade." The CCF opposes them. Alberta has banned them arbitrarily, by amending the Licensing of Trades and Business Act. And in B. C., the Vancouver City Council holds them at bay by threatening to use its power (by unanimous vote) to refuse a business license to any stamp-using firm.

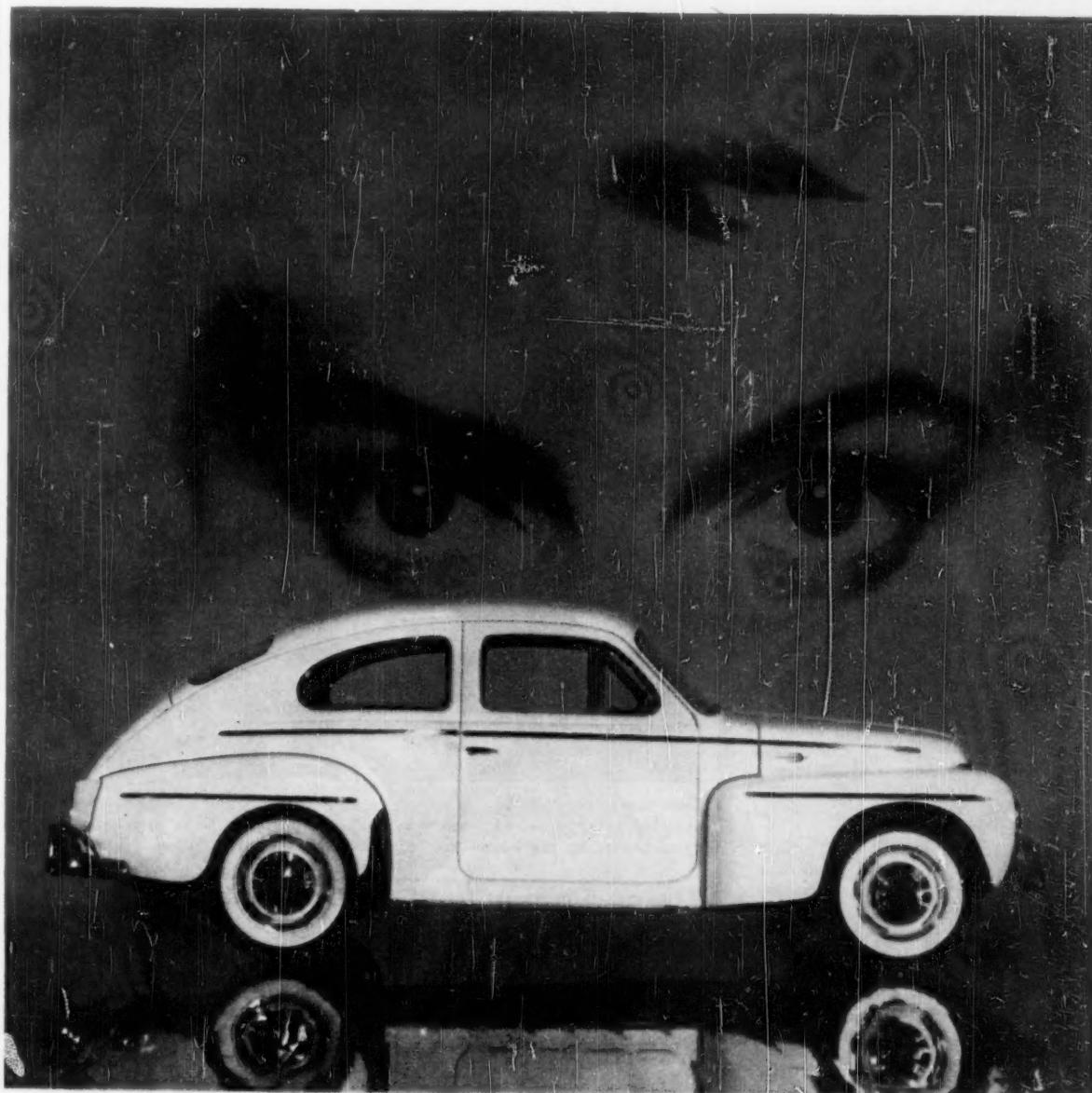
The CAC is opposed, ironically, by Byrne Hope Sanders, who once helped set up (for the Wartime Prices and Trade Board) a now-defunct network of women that was similar in purpose to the CAC. Now a Toronto research and marketing executive, she has launched a pro-stamp campaign on behalf of Sperry and Hutchinson, oldest (since 1896) and largest stamp company of them all, grossing an estimated one hundred million dollars a year from sixty thousand stores. The firm has no stake in the battle here, but the anti-stamp war cries are so loud they might hearten defeated anti-stamp forces in the U. S.

The main issue is whether or not stamps raise the cost of living. An executive of Canada Safeway, biggest food chain in the west, says, "It's a shell game,

to distract customers from the fact that they're paying higher prices." George Metcalf, president of Loblaws' flatly states that "stamps have lowered prices." The royal commission's report stated that while grocery prices had risen by two

percent a year, farmers were getting about the same prices in 1958 as they got in 1949. One reason for advancing food costs was "the tendency for firms to compete in offering services, the costs of which are passed on to the consumer."

While worth only one fifth of a cent each, stamps affect the fortunes of firms worth millions. They are agitating the whole vast network of merchandising. They force frequent meetings of top brass in manufacturing, food processing,



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wholesaling, advertising and retailing. Asked for his opinion on them, the advertising manager of a national food firm snapped, "I have only one thing to say. Stamps are a pain in the —!"

Though new as a national phenomenon, stamps were dreamed up in 1890 by an ad man in Schuster's department store in Milwaukee. They slowly gathered momentum and crossed the border in 1903. Most "stamp companies" then were con men who worked town after town, putting a few premiums on display, signing up the local merchants, then skipping out before it was time to pay off. The cries of fraud caused stamps to be outlawed in 1905 by parliament.

They reached their peak in the U.S. in 1916. Then, with war, consumers became price-conscious. Stamps withdrew to a few local bases. In Ontario cities like Kingston and Stratford, department stores have used them for twenty-five years with acceptance and no fuss.

They made their U.S. comeback in 1953. King Sooper, a Denver supermarket, launched them with top-flight promotion. The result: an instantaneous and rather frightening success. In three years six of the top ten U.S. chains were fighting each other with stamps. And instead of fading away, as opponents predicted, they've become almost a way of U.S. life, with two hundred stamp companies selling their plans to two hundred thousand retailers, who hand out about four hundred and fifty million dollars a year in merchandise premiums.

It was May 1956 before stamps erupted in Canada. A fast-stepping, forty-three-year-old wholesaler, Bertram Loeb, had in just five years brought ninety-five small Ottawa Valley grocers under the banner of the Independent Grocers Alliance, offering them the benefits of bulk buying and IGA know-how. Now he was seeking a gimmick to counter the chain stores' cash-prize contests. A visit to Gold Bond Stamp Company's Minneapolis headquarters sold him on stamps.

"A crazy idea," protested William Horsey, then Dominion Store chairman.

"A racket, pure and unadulterated," said Thomas McCormack, Dominion's president. "We will not go into it unless we are forced to."

Loeb's sales rose rapidly, and, reluctantly, Dominion, Loblaw's, Steinberg's and Thrift Stores launched rival stamp plans in the Ottawa district.

In Montreal, the vice-president of another IGA group of one hundred and twenty-five stores, Wesley Younkie, reassured his competitors that "We don't like stamps plans. We think they're bad for trade." Two months later, in January, 1959, big IGA ads were plugging Gold Bond stamps in Montreal.

Like nations that fear war, the chains in Quebec had prepared for it secretly. That same afternoon Steinberg's announced a stamp plan (Pinky) for its sixty-three stores throughout the province. Two days later Dominion (thirty-four Quebec outlets) and the sixty-two-store Thrift chain joined the fray with Horizon stamps. A fifth and smaller chain, Dionne, came in with United stamps. Seven weeks later, Richelieu, a chain of independents, stifled its qualms and signed with the Three Star Stamp Company.

Until then stamps, like the right to sell beer, were a weapon of the small Quebec store in its fight to survive the onslaught of the chains. Today there is scarcely a district without a stamp plan. Gold Star Stamps are said to have eight thousand small-store customers, mainly in Quebec. The provincial College of Pharmacy asked its members to stop

using stamps 'but, as one store owner says, "It's like riding a tiger. Once you start it's disastrous to stop." A sign over the cash register in a Dorval drug store reads: PINKY IS A NUISANCE BUT WE LOVE HIM.

Why did IGA open the flood gates? Younkie says it was the threat that Steinberg's would beat them to the punch. Steinberg's say they set up their stamp plan in fear of IGA. By the summer of 1957, while stamps were catching on in Quebec, all chains except IGA had dropped their plans in the Ottawa area.

"After all the hullabaloo," Dominion Store president Thomas McCormack told the Association of Canadian Advertisers, "trading stamps are on the wane... the flush of fadism has settled down."

It was the lull that precedes a major conflict. It prevailed until last June when

Steinberg's invaded Ontario, stronghold of its mightiest competitors, by buying thirty-eight Grand Union-Carroll's stores. They led off by offering a free towel and a coupon worth one dollar in goods with every ten-dollar purchase. Promptly Dominion offered two towels and two dollars in goods for the coupons. Power Super Market ads called attention to the fact that Toronto's food prices were lower than prices in Steinberg's home town. Steinberg's slashed prices. Its rivals followed suit. And it was inevitable that someone would unleash stamps, the "S-bomb."

Late in August George Metcalf, president of Loblaw's, Canada's No. 1 food chain, called most managers of his two hundred and five Ontario stores to Toronto for a 6 a.m. breakfast. Their customers, he told them, would get Lucky

Green stamps that same day. As he spoke, trucks were rolling out of warehouses carrying stamps, books and premiums, a campaign planned with such secrecy that locks, it is said, were changed on top executives' doors to guard correspondence.

Within twenty-four hours three other chains were handing out stamps in Toronto: Steinberg's, IGA and Power. "If Loblaw's hadn't done it, Steinberg's would have," says Leon Weinstein, president of Power. "We were ready but we didn't want to be the bad boys to do it first."

On September 24 Loblaw's took the offensive again, loosing Lucky Green against rival chains across the prairies. Advertising soared as competitors fought back. "Rockbottom prices, no gimmicks," promised Safeway, the west's biggest chain. "Cash is still the best thing to save," proclaimed A & P. "Stamp Book or Bank Book?" cried Woodward's in Regina.

The prairie-wide Shop-Easy chain and Jenkins Groceteria Ltd., with its forty-one stores in Alberta, counterattacked with a punch card. For every hundred dollars in goods bought they offer a chance on prizes ranging from one dollar to a thousand dollars. "The stamps had cut into our business to such an extent," says Ronnie Jenkins, Jenkins' president, "that we found it necessary to bring out a gimmick of our own. If Loblaw's decide to do away with their stamps we'll throw out our card game. These selling gimmicks are nothing but parasites preying on customers' gullibility."

"It's like a disease," says Wayne Smith, manager of Alberta's Associated Grocers. "A cancer that just keeps growing."

The war has now become national and the faster and farther it spreads the more bitter and less factual the arguments grow. Are stamps good or bad for the public? Do they raise prices? Are they immoral? Economically sound or a fraud?

"Stamps kick food prices up two percent," says an A & P spokesman. "There's the cost of the premiums and stamps the store buys from the stamp company," points out Mrs. Helen Morningstar of the CAC's Ontario branch. "There's the bookkeeping cost, handling, the time stamps take at the checkout counter—it all must come out of our pockets, who else's? We know there's no Santa Claus and I don't believe Loblaw's is a philanthropic organization."

Loblaw's president, George Metcalf, answers that boosting sales by twelve to fifteen percent raises profits enough to pay for the stamp plan. In other words, the more customers who share the store's operating costs, the more profit the store can make on each item. "Increased turnover is a remedy for almost all ills," says Power's Leon Weinstein.

The anti-stampers claim that the breakeven point is nearer twenty-five percent. The most comprehensive survey of stamps, made by Eugene Beem for the University of California, shows that sales increases needed to pay for the average stamp plan range from seven percent for a jeweller whose goods have a high mark-up, to sixteen percent for the average supermarket. (Loblaw's, because it buys stamps and premiums in huge amounts, would be lower.)

Can stores get this increase by using stamps?

No, say A & P, Dominion and Safeway.

Yes, say Loblaw's, Power and IGA.

"In most of our stores," says Wesley Younkie of IGA in Montreal, "the increase in sales was twice as much as we

## These supermart bosses disagree sharply



Dominion's president T. G. McCormack says stamps add to a store's costs, and prices are bound to rise.



Loblaw's president George Metcalf claims stamps have increased sales and have thus allowed price cuts.

## These women lead one anti-stamp faction



In its fight against stamps, the Canadian Association of Consumers is led by (from left) Mrs. W. P. M. Kennedy, Edna W. Park, Mrs. W. A. C. Shepherd and Mrs. Helen Morningstar. They say, "we are unalterably opposed to 'bribes to buy.'"



needed to break even on the stamp plan and in some stores it reached one hundred percent." "We never lost our advantage (a forty-percent rise in sales)," says Bertram Loeb, who started it all in Ottawa.

But what happens when everybody has stamps, the skeptics want to know. Everybody can't increase their sales.

The retailer then, suggests J. Scott Feggans, in charge of advertising and public relations for Dominion, "is right back where he started except that he's still paying out two percent of his sales volume," a cost "which he's got to pass along to his customers, and only the stamp promoter is left with a profit."

"Nonsense," scoffs Bertram Loeb. "What happened when every chain began advertising? The store that does the best job of promoting the stamps gets the business. The others drop out as they did in Ottawa."

"They're only effective for the person first in," says Hartley Ayre, an anti-stamper, head of Ayre's Supermarkets, biggest food sellers in Newfoundland. "And only while he remains ahead of the competition."

This has been the U.S. pattern. In Buffalo, for example, says Loblaw's George Metcalf, "there is only one supermarket company utilizing them"—Loblaw's.

"Even the strongest stamp stores are vulnerable in their cost structures," Beem suggests in his University of California survey. They "create not a threat but an opportunity for the alert retailer to develop non-stamp attractions which will bring more shoppers to his store."

In Ontario, for example, Dominion Stores are meeting stamps with weekly Bonus Buys, quality items of wide appeal like blankets and dinnerware, which the customer can purchase with every seven-dollar order. "We're saying, in effect, we'll get it for you wholesale," says president Thomas McCormack. "Why pay ten dollars in higher prices to save for a ten-dollar blanket when we'll let you have it for \$4.95?"

In Calgary, Safeway has countered with price cuts and stepped-up advertising. "Stamps haven't affected our sales too noticeably," says James Johnson, Safeway's zone manager.

"The initial impact is bad," admits A & P, "but business is just about back to normal."

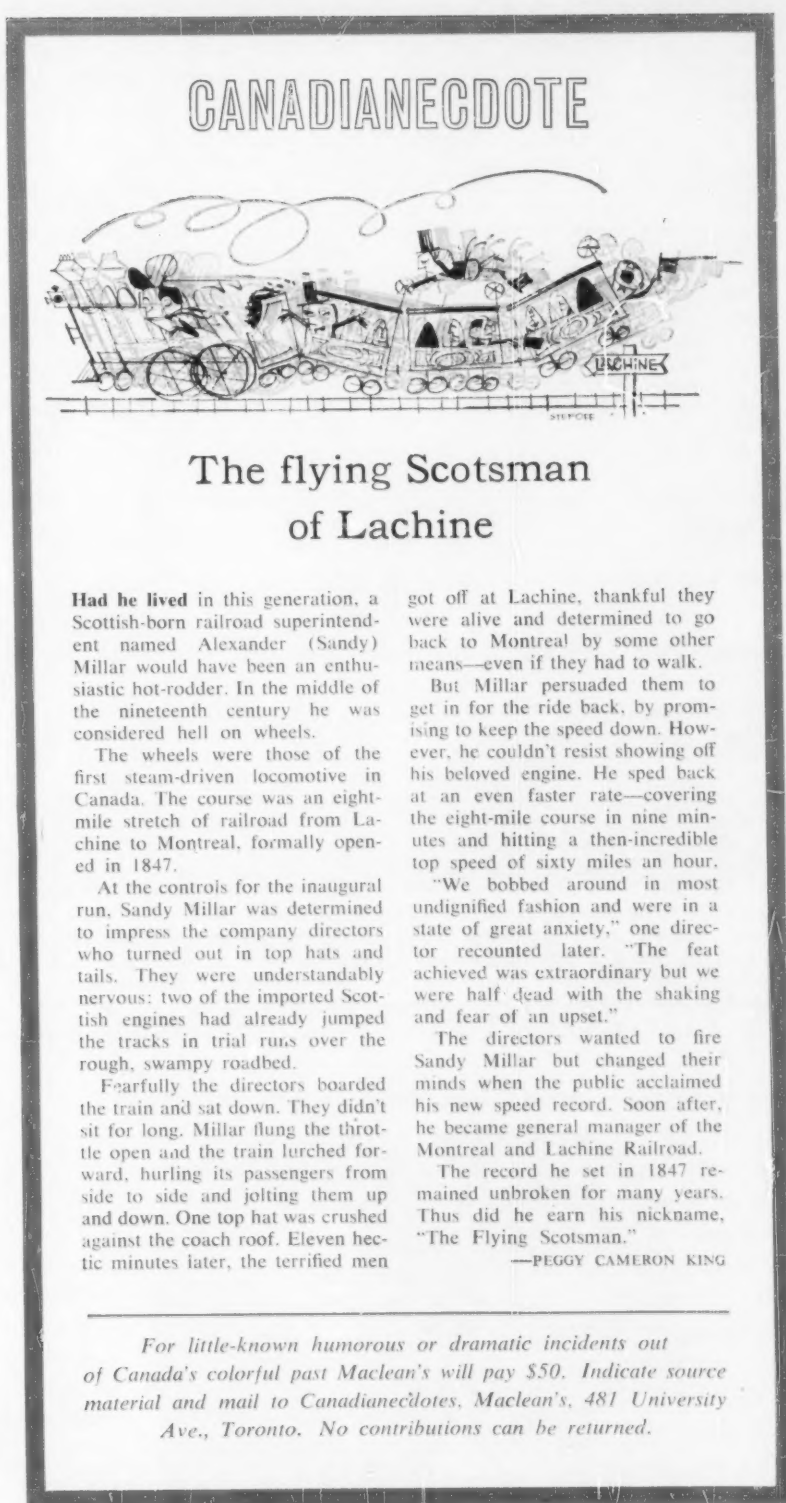
"Our sales are on the upswing," echoes Dominion's Thomas McCormack.

Who's losing then?—the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimates that stamp stores have boosted their share of the market 10.5 percent.

The losses, says Beem, "appear to have been divided between non-stamp chains and the tiny food stores." And Bertram Loeb of IGA in Ottawa, declares: "The unaffiliated grocer is a disappearing breed. He can't buy at the right price. His name is meaningless. He can't get the money to expand. It takes \$100,000 to \$150,000 to modernize an old-style grocery store and if he's got that much he's crazy to go into the grocery business."

Not only the grocer, but the tobacconist, the jeweler, florist, gift and record shops, appliance and hardware stores, the door-to-door fruit and vegetable man, bread companies and dairies—all are victims of the housewife's yen for convenience, for what is known as one-stop shopping. The realm of the clothier is the latest to be raided—by Dominion Stores, with what it calls "canned clothes," soft goods in rigid cardboard containers.

These non-food items carry a much higher mark-up than food, a fact often



## The flying Scotsman of Lachine

Had he lived in this generation, a Scottish-born railroad superintendent named Alexander (Sandy) Millar would have been an enthusiastic hot-rodder. In the middle of the nineteenth century he was considered hell on wheels.

The wheels were those of the first steam-driven locomotive in Canada. The course was an eight-mile stretch of railroad from Lachine to Montreal, formally opened in 1847.

At the controls for the inaugural run, Sandy Millar was determined to impress the company directors who turned out in top hats and tails. They were understandably nervous: two of the imported Scottish engines had already jumped the tracks in trial runs over the rough, swampy roadbed.

Fearfully the directors boarded the train and sat down. They didn't sit for long. Millar flung the throttle open and the train lurched forward, hurling its passengers from side to side and jolting them up and down. One top hat was crushed against the coach roof. Eleven hectic minutes later, the terrified men

got off at Lachine, thankful they were alive and determined to go back to Montreal by some other means—even if they had to walk.

But Millar persuaded them to get in for the ride back, by promising to keep the speed down. However, he couldn't resist showing off his beloved engine. He sped back at an even faster rate—covering the eight-mile course in nine minutes and hitting a then-incredible top speed of sixty miles an hour.

"We bobbed around in most undignified fashion and were in a state of great anxiety," one director recounted later. "The feat achieved was extraordinary but we were half dead with the shaking and fear of an upset."

The directors wanted to fire Sandy Millar but changed their minds when the public acclaimed his new speed record. Soon after, he became general manager of the Montreal and Lachine Railroad.

The record he set in 1847 remained unbroken for many years. Thus did he earn his nickname, "The Flying Scotsman."

—PEGGY CAMERON KING

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overlooked in the hot debate about how much more sales it takes to pay for stamps. And between 1953 and 1956, according to a study by the National Association of Food Chains, supermarkets more than doubled their non-food items. "At the rate the chains are extending out of the grocery field," says a druggist, "it won't be long before we're just filling prescriptions, and maybe they'll find a way to do that too."

The villain here isn't stamps, suggests F. M. Shore, editor of Canadian Grocer magazine, but competition, abetted by the fact that goods are pre-packaged and pre-sold (in national ads). But stamps are speeding up the trend. The premiums the chains give away are cutting into the retailer's business. Says Bertram Loeb, now half-owner of Gold Bond stamps in Canada, "We're the biggest account of one blanket manufacturer,

and one of the biggest in luggage and silverware." In the U.S., stamp companies estimate that they buy almost fifty percent of all small electrical housewares manufactured.

Anti-stampers say these goods are simply "sales stolen from retailers." Loeb claims that the three million dollars in premiums which Gold Bond sold last year "in a sense is new purchasing power, just like installment selling, only ours is anti-inflationary. Manufacturers fight to get their products listed in our catalogues." (Manufacturers are non-committal, but they privately admit that while stamps have brought them criticism from dealers, they're selling more goods.)

McCormack of Dominion Stores interprets the same facts differently: "Supermarkets are approaching the limits of their expansion. Stamps are a way of

breaking the barrier. When you strip away all the subterfuge they're just a way of selling the merchandise in the stamp catalogue—and without having to stock it. It puts the supermarket in the mail-order business, and because it can't give credit it charges the customer in advance. It's advanced installment buying, and not at competitive prices. You can usually shop and buy the premiums for less."

In Montreal, Mrs. H. E. Vautelet, a former CAC national president, reports that a CAC member checked on ten stamp-store items before and after stamps struck, Montreal and noted an average increase of two cents an item. Says Mrs. Helen Morningstar of the CAC in Toronto: "My phone rings off the wall with women complaining to me that products cost more since the stores went into stamps."

Everyone in the trade, however, including the Ambler Pricing Service, a company which does comparative shopping for the chains, agrees that stamps have brought more price cuts than hikes. "I've issued a challenge to the CAC," Leon Weinstein says, "to come in and check our books. The public never had it so good."

Dominion's McCormack agrees that prices are lower today but he foresees a rise. "There are three things you cannot do," he reiterates. "You can't drink yourself sober, you can't spend yourself out of debt, and you can't add two to three percent to the cost of selling food without adding to retail prices."

A survey of 1,360 U.S. supermarkets by the trade paper Super Market Merchandising revealed that stamp plans caused higher prices in 5.4 percent of the stores, lower prices in 9.3 percent, and no change in 85.3 percent. A three-year study in twenty-one cities by the U.S. Department of Agriculture shows that customers pay slightly more (seven tenths of one percent) in stamp stores, but get back premiums worth, on an average, 2.45 percent of their food bill.

Who pays for them? "At least half of the stamp cost," Beem's survey says, is "offset by declining profits." Chain stores also get the food manufacturer to share the cost by saying, in effect, "We'll feature your product. On every purchase of it we'll give away twenty-five free stamps." The manufacturer shares this cost because stamps will win new customers. Nevertheless he's perturbed that stores are featuring stamps more than his brand name.

But, like Frankenstein, he created his own monster. Supermarkets boomed in the palmy postwar period and big manufacturers vied for the best shelf space. They began to offer bribes by picking up part of the tab for advertising. They offered gaudier packages, more sizes, more brands. The items in the average market doubled to six thousand, and the housewife found it hard to remember prices. So price became less important, except on staples, and the era of gimmick promotion dawned.

The stamp is simply the latest in a long line of gimmicks. But where the coupon and premium switched people from one brand to another, the stamp switches their loyalty from the brand to the store.

"It's just a new promotion idea," says Power's Leon Weinstein. "A discount for cash. Everybody in business gets it. Everybody but Mrs. Housewife. Look, suppose I took two hundred billboards. They'd cost me approximately thirty thousand dollars a month. There'd be no squawk at that. But for some reason I can't get through my thick head, some

people take exception to trading stamps."

A survey by Progressive Grocer, a U.S. trade paper, shows that twenty-seven percent of grocers offset some of their stamp costs by cutting back other promotions. "In the final analysis," says Loeb, "stamps will replace contests, giveaways, loss-leader selling. Make no mistake about it, the consumer pays for stamps. She pays for color spreads in magazines, TV extravaganzas, throw-aways and jingles on the radio. At least with stamps she's getting something out of it." As Consumer Reports observed: "Stamps are better than hot air."

But the CAC would sooner see prices reduced, better service, good parking and honest advertising. "Maybe even a lounge to rest tired feet," says Mrs. Morningstar. "We're unalterably opposed to stamps, coupons, gimmicks and bribes

to buy. They tempt women to spend foolishly, make quality secondary and lower merchandising ethics."

"The sensible housewife," says Wayne Smith of Associated Grocers in Calgary, "knows that if she wants that mink stole or percolator she can shop carefully, save a penny here, a nickel there, and get it a lot quicker than with stamps. But there's some sort of hypnotic attraction in getting free stamps and pasting them in a book."

"We ran a check in one of our best stores for three days," says Bertram Loeb, IGA head in Ottawa. "We asked the customers what they'd sooner have: stamps, cash, food, or some other type of promotion like giveaways. Ninety percent of them said they'd sooner have stamps."

David Gilbert, director of the Retail

Merchants Association, claims stamps' primary lure is "something for nothing." But a survey by Dr. Bertrand Klass, of the Stanford Research Institute, shows that stamps "satisfy the collecting instinct." Women felt "satisfaction in the actual redemption of the completed saver books... a majority (of women) report a sense of urgency to start saving again once the first premium is obtained." It gave housewives "a feeling of thriftiness." They can satisfy their desire for possessions without feeling guilty about buying something they can't really afford.

Stamps also gave a wife a sense of independence. "I can save for what I want; I don't have to ask my husband," says one.

"I guess A & P would save me money," another says, "but how would I get an electric frying pan?"

"Another factor is children," says Bertram Loeb of the IGA. "They're a real pressure group for toys."

Mrs. Morningstar disagrees that women like stamps. "I've talked to literally thousands who don't, and if we can just organize them then these sales increase some of these stores talk about will fall off."

Mrs. Vautelet, in Montreal, reports that opposition to stamps is swelling CAC membership at the rate of three a day. "We must keep housewives at a white-hot pitch," she says.

All the surveys show that a lot of women like stamps and a lot don't. "Let the housewife decide the issue," says E. S. Cooper, president of Western Grocers, Winnipeg, which doesn't plan to introduce stamps. "She has a vote by patronage every day." ★



## The lavish and lively Laurentians continued from page 15

"Around every corner you see ski beginners flat on their backs with their legs in the air"

all teach a standard style of skiing (laid down by the Canadian Ski Instructors' Alliance), so that a lesson broken off on one slope can be picked up the next weekend on another with barely a break in stride. Learning doesn't necessarily come high: private lessons are usually about six dollars an hour, but a two-hour group lesson costs no more than two dollars a head. Most of the big resort hotels now sell learn-to-ski weeks — packages costing sixty-five to one hundred and thirty-five dollars and including room, board, ski-tow tickets and four hours of teaching a day, with a not-quite-ironclad promise that a beginner will be skiing "enjoyably" by the end of the week.

Laurentian skiing is adding so many new converts so fast that it may soon begin to lose some old ones. "You can't blast a hill on Mont Tremblant these days," mourns Louis de Pasille, a former professional who now runs one of Canada's busiest ski-and-sport shops at Ste. Adele. "There's a class of beginners flat on their backs with their legs in the air around every corner."

Whether the experts like it or not, the Laurentians are made for mass skiing. In all the hills only Mont Tremblant stretches thirty-five hundred feet above sea level; only about twenty of the seventy-odd towns rise as much as five hundred feet, measured vertically. With a few exceptions these are fairly tame slopes for a rakehell run-blaster, but they are tailored to the taste of Sunday skiers. Since the planning of the Autoroute the Laurentians have been preparing for mass skiing as never before, stringing new tows at the rate of ten a year, opening up entire new mountains, and grooming the broad slopes until many of the hills, before the first snow fell this fall, resembled golf courses with the fairways running perpendicular to the tees.

The coming of the Autoroute is pushing the Laurentians around the corner into their fourth era, but the anticipated stampede to the ski hills is only part of the change. The most trivial but eye-stopping addition to the mountainscape is the seedy tangle of billboards, posters and hand-scribbled signs (*veres à vendre* — worms for sale) that has sprouted just off the shoulder of Highway 11 between St. Jérôme and Ste. Agathe. As décor for a Canadian-flavored playground the billboard jungle smacks strongly of Coney Island, and so do the hamburger stands

that alternate with the billboards. The villages are small — Ste. Agathe, the largest, has a population of seven thousand — and they are overlit with neon and overendowed with supermarkets.

A subtler change than neon lighting is working on the villages: until now almost all the permanent population of the hills has been French, native, and engaged directly or indirectly in the holiday trade. But the Autoroute brings Ste. Adele, say, within an hour of downtown Montreal, and lately there has been an inrush of new residents who are revers-

ing the established order of living in the city and driving to the playground. They are, imaginatively, living in the playground and driving to the city.

"When I moved to Ste. Adele twelve years ago the hill behind town — the one with the cross on top — was virgin bush and tough to climb," recalls André Lambert, who is regarded as the dean of the area's real-estate agents. "Now it's a subdivision of thirty- and forty-thousand-dollar houses."

Not surprisingly, the Laurentians are leapfrogging through a land boom.

Lambert has several listings of what is probably Canada's least fertile farmland for sale at sixty cents a foot, and recently sold part of a farm offered at twenty-five thousand dollars a few years ago for a hundred and forty thousand. "There won't be half a dozen farms left in the Laurentians within five years," Lambert says. "This land is too expensive to plant potatoes in."

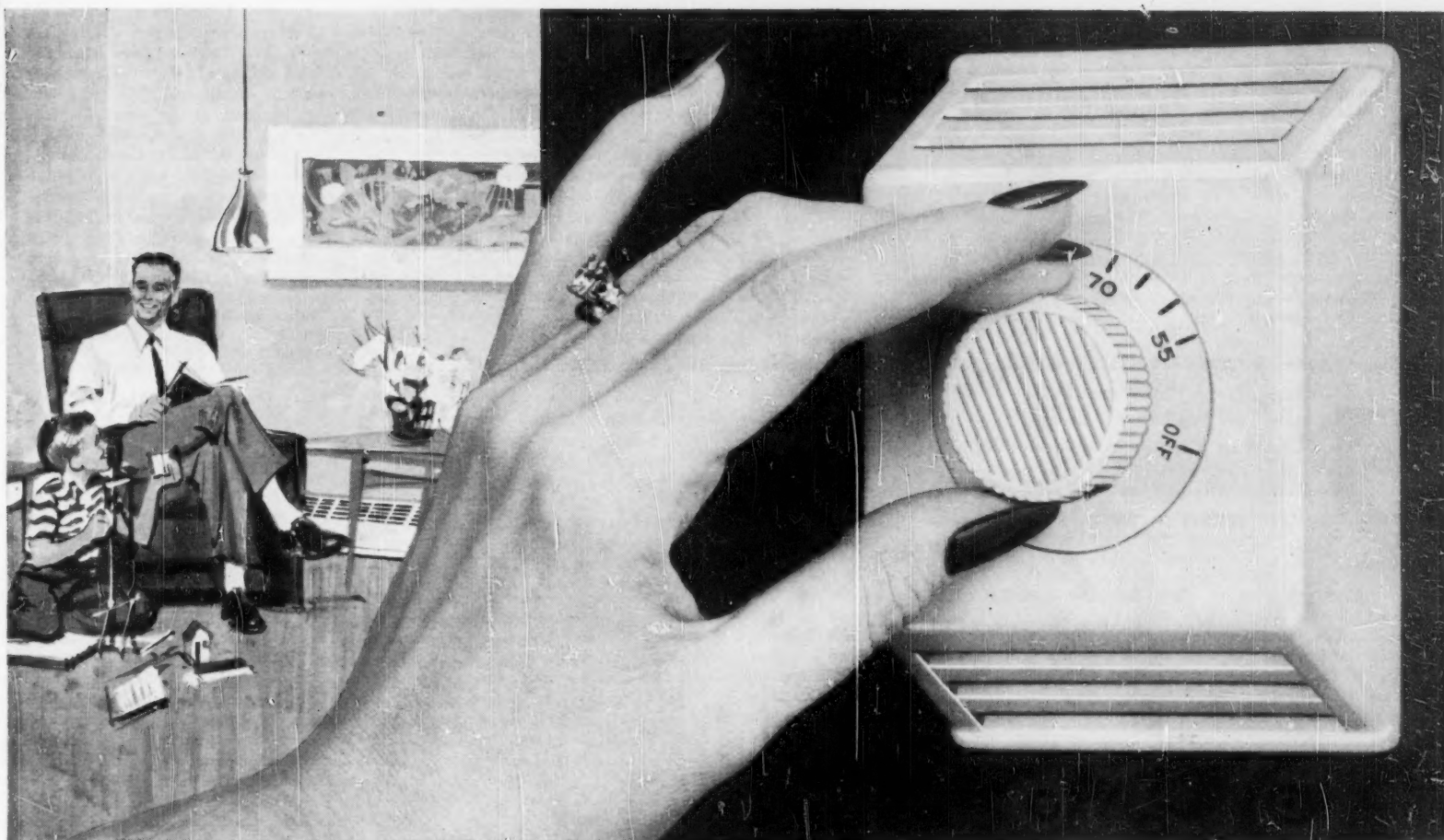
There are promoters in the hills whose ambition overreaches simple subdivisions. A syndicate of French-speaking businessmen is attempting to bring forth in the wilderness a playtown of twelve thousand sport-lovers with their own community golf course, riding stable, ski and toboggan runs, water-sports pavilion, and anything else that occurs to them. The town is incorporated, although as yet unpopulated, under the name Ville d'Estérel, and is no more grandiose than the project that preceded it. A Belgian, Baron d'Empain, who's family, it is said in the Laurentians, built the Paris subway, bought the six-thousand-acre site in 1934. He built a two-and-a-half-million-dollar spa in time to assemble a cross section of international café society in the late Thirties. The smart set danced to the bands of both Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat, gazed at the hemlocks and departed just before World War II broke out. So did Baron d'Empain; the government impounded his property, and it languished under a For Sale sign until the playtown project came along. The promoters have already refurbished the water-sports pavilion, built nine holes of the golf course and sold seventeen building lots at an average price of six thousand dollars. A similar, if smaller, townsite is projected by the owner of the Mont Gabriel Club, contractor H. J. O'Connell, on the backside of his Mont Gabriel ski slope. Surveyors are staking out building lots for another playtown on Vernon Cardy's Alpine Inn property at Ste. Marguerite, and other promoters are laying out half a dozen more townsites along the ridges and beside the lakes. Unless these men are mistakenly optimistic, there is a strong possibility that the Laurentians are on their way to becoming a dormitory for middle-class Montreal.

Even if they do, the Laurentians are likely to retain in their ex-urban era a measure of the unmistakable but elusive charm they have kept alive, if not intact,



A tiny chapel (it seats twelve) stands beside the residence of Father Rosario Laurin, the curé of St. Sauveur, who lives near Mont Rolland.





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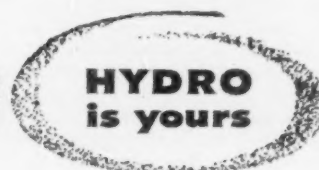
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through the three earlier ones. The usual explanation for this special flavor is that it lies in the piquancy of *habitant* cooking, architecture and folkways, and while there is some truth in this there is some deception too. Laurentian cooking is assuredly French but hardly *habitant*. Almost without exception the kitchens of the big lodges are run by European chefs, and the menus are decidedly more Parisian than rustic. A trencherman's tour of the good small restaurants that spice the hills touches most of the standard gastronomic bases with some surprises thrown in, and includes: *civet de*

*lièvre* (hare simmered in red wine) at the relaxed Auberge La Chaumaine outside St. Jérôme; *pirojkis* (wrapped minced veal and chicken) at the unpretentious Chez Nicolas in Ste. Adèle; *coq au Chambertin* (chicken basted in burgundy) at the animated Chaumière, also in Ste. Adèle; *rouleau de crème de foie d'Oie truffé* (goose-liver pâté) at the silver-and-crystal-appointed Auberge Languedoc in Ste. Agathe; and too many more to deal with in less than a week of good eating and drinking.

The only consistent cluster of *habitant* architecture in the Laurentians is Mont

Tremblant Lodge and its ninety-four outbuildings, which were designed in the late Thirties to simulate an authentic *habitant* village. Elsewhere in the hills there is here and there a plastered field-stone-and-log farmhouse, with overhanging eaves and gables painted pale blue. These are authentic *habitant* houses, and they are almost museum pieces. The villages are overhung by the slender tin-clad church spires common to almost every knot of houses in Quebec. In all other ways they are — to avoid being uncomplimentary — architecturally unremarkable.

Where Canadian folk customs survive, they cheer the holidayers only on calculated occasions. The big snow carnivals at Ste. Agathe and Ste. Adèle, and the smaller ones in the other villages, bring out old farm sleighs and bell-hung harnesses for the horses, multicolored *ceintures flechées* that wrap sash-like around the waists of the street dancers, red tuques and gay old songs. But they are soon packed away when the festival tents are folded, and the part time *habitants* return to hand-tailoring the hills and catering with zest and skill to the multitudes who play among them. ★



## London Letter continued from page 6

### "In many ways it is better to appoint a governor-general who has not held political office"

given a retirement pension from the House of Commons this meant disappearance from active participation in public life. And I was extremely surprised to see that Mr. Morrison, who we understood, for reasons of ill-health, could not continue in the chair of this house, received an appointment at £10,000 a year."

In the debate in parliament in which we discussed "Mr. Speaker Morrison's Retirement Bill to settle and secure annuities upon the Rt. Hon. William Shepherd Morrison, and after his death upon his wife, Katharine Allison Morrison in consideration," some of the left wing socialists thought they were on a good thing. They pointed out that the retiring Mr. Speaker would not only receive a pension of four thousand pounds a year from the British government but at the same time he would be receiving his full emolument as governor-general of Australia. But Rab Butler, in his usual calm manner of soothing disturbed breasts, explained that it was set down in the bill that Lord Dunrossil would draw only half his parliamentary pension while holding the post of governor-general.

Let me make my own reaction clear. I cannot think of any man better fitted than Lord Dunrossil to be Her Majesty's chief representative in the Australian commonwealth. He is human, he is picturesque, he has humor and he possesses both judgment and courage. The Australians will like him immensely and Mr. Menzies will find him a wise counselor and a good companion. So surely there should be nothing but deep satisfaction in Britain that the man and the opportunity were so happily wedded. Yet the truth is that Shakes Morrison has created a difficult problem not only for himself but for parliament. To explain what I mean, allow me to paint in the background of the picture.

There is no figure in parliament so remote from his fellow MPs as Mr. Speaker. It is true that like the rest of us he is an elected member of parliament, but when a general election takes place he does not go on the hustings and engage in the nationwide debate. Nor does he submit himself to the mass medium of television.

In fact he is almost like the pope, exerting authority yet remote from the clangor and spectacle of controversy.

So complete is Mr. Speaker's authority that he could even order the prime minister to resume his seat because he was not dealing with the subject before the house. Admittedly this would not be likely to happen but there is no one,

however powerful, who can defy Mr. Speaker's ruling.

I once experienced the high authority of Mr. Speaker Morrison when in a heated debate I referred to a certain socialist as a cad. Mr. Speaker at once demanded a withdrawal of the word "cad" on the grounds that it was unparliamentary. Whereupon I made the further mistake of saying that I would very much like to use some other description of the honorable gentleman but I could not think of any word which so accurately described that particular member. I was thereupon ordered out of the chamber and escorted off the premises, with instructions not to return for twenty-four hours.

Although Mr. Speaker occupies a beautiful abode at the east end of the terrace — much grander than the lord chancellor's rooms at the other end — he has nothing like the personal liberty of the lord chancellor. Mr. Speaker is in fact a prisoner as well as a servant.

To bring the story down to a more mundane level, Mr. Speaker is paid five thousand pounds a year — plus a supplementary seven hundred and fifty — but the expenses are heavy and there is no profit in it at the end of the year. This is why parliament in its wisdom voted some years ago that on retirement the

outgoing Mr. Speaker should have a life pension of four thousand pounds a year, plus a viscounty although it was tacitly understood that he would not speak in the House of Lords except on most unusual grounds.

Let us return now to the current controversy and consider this hypothetical situation — albeit at a lower level. Suppose that W. S. Morrison, having been honored with a viscounty and awarded a retiring pension of four thousand pounds a year, had been offered a directorship at the same figure on the board of, say, Imperial Chemicals — or any other reputable company. What would have been the reaction of public opinion?

As far as I am concerned the mere posing of the question creates the answer. A member of parliament who becomes Mr. Speaker must cut himself off from his fellow members except when formal occasions bring them together. I do not mean that an old friend might not wine and dine or take tea with Mr. Speaker but on the whole the very nature of the appointment demands that he shall be a traditional and almost mythical figure. His incessant official receptions plus his attendance in the chair leave him little time to meet anyone outside the realm of politics.

The criticism would be that industry or finance was merely buying a name to add importance to the board of directors. Of what practical value would Lord Dunrossil be on some great company like Shell Oil or United Steel? Yet I do not doubt that many of the great companies would gladly have offered a ten-thousand-pound directorship to the retiring Mr. Speaker from the House of Commons.

Actually, the presence of the newly created Viscount Dunrossil on the board of a great company would be regarded as nothing more than a half-shrewd, half-generous gesture by private enterprise. But if on the other hand the appointment of Viscount Dunrossil as governor-general of Australia is to be regarded as merely making some extra money on the side, this might make it impossible for a retiring high servant of the state to be anything more than a figure in the twilight waiting for dusk and ultimately the dark.

I would like to think that the discussion which has arisen from Lord Dunrossil's appointment to Australia will create a new sense of standards in dealing with distinguished servants of the crown. Despite his Scottish fare in personal expenditure Lord Dunrossil would just have broken even financially during his years as Mr. Speaker.

Now on retirement from the speaker's chair he is entitled automatically to an annuity of four thousand pounds, but custom and tradition have something to say about that. Because in Australia he will hold the office of governor-general and will be paid the usual stipend for that high office he will only be allowed half of his pension during his term. You just cannot beat Whitehall when it comes to knocking off a zero or two.

In many ways it is better to appoint a governor-general who has not held office in politics. For one thing he will not be swayed by party loyalties or party antagonisms.

I share the feeling of many of my parliamentary associates that when a man has risen to the high rank of Mr. Speaker he should not only be given a peerage but his pension should be sufficiently large to enable him to devote his entire activities to public service and not have to consider the cost of mere existence.

However, I congratulate Australia on its wise choice, and I also congratulate my old friend Shakes for having spread his glory from London to the far distant sons and daughters of the outer commonwealth. ★







Little Bill Smith continued from page 17

agreed to by the Congress membership. Smith claims he is waging war on the Seafarers solely to rid the labor movement in Canada of its least desirable element. "This is a straight fight between honest unionism on one side, and Banks on the other," he insists.

The two feuding labor lords appear to be unevenly matched. Banks is well over six feet, with bearlike shoulders that make him seem shorter. He looks his forty-nine years. His right hand is zig-zagged with scars inflicted by the knife of a drug-crazed Filipino seaman. A permanent lump on his forehead and a bullet crease on his right hip are mementos of past battles. Banks served three and a half years in San Quentin prison in the early Thirties for passing bad cheques while on probation. He was also charged with but later cleared of several more serious crimes including child steal-

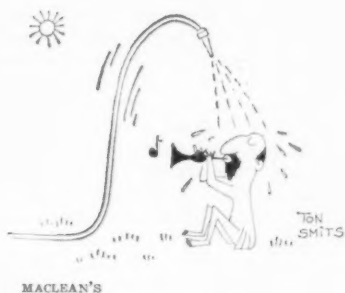
losing more and more members due to the automation of the CNR's office and rail procedures. Some thirty thousand Canadian railroad jobs—the equivalent of two Avro shutdowns—have disappeared since 1952.

To emphasize its intention of recruiting in all categories of unorganized workers in Canada, Smith's union changed its name in 1958 from the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees and Other Transport Workers to the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers. The brotherhood has now become the fastest-growing labor organization in Canada, even though its total membership is not yet back at the 1952 level. As well as recruiting three thousand new members during the past year in his own jurisdictions, Smith has been negotiating merger agreements with two unions of shipyard workers in Vancouver and Halifax, and sections of the National Association of Marine Engineers. These and other expansion plans could give Smith an extra thirty thousand members during the next five years, doubling the present size of the brotherhood, and make him the head of Canada's second largest labor organization, behind the seventy-five-thousand-member Steelworkers' union.

Another area of growth forecast by Smith would be at the direct expense of Hoffa's International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Nearly forty thousand truckers, delivery men and warehouse workers are members of Canadian Teamster locals. Apart from the issue of union honesty which Smith insists underlies all his raids, his fight with Hoffa springs from the fact that before the 1956 merger of the Canadian Congress of Labor with the Trades and Labor Congress into the Canadian Labor Congress, Smith's brotherhood and the Teamsters had held similar jurisdictions over truck drivers. "We were organizing highway transport in this country long before the Teamsters were prepared to spend one red cent on them," says Smith.

I. M. (Casey) Dodds, the Canadian head of the Teamsters, has charged that Smith's brotherhood is "fired up by the verbosity of its own exuberance," and claims to have Hoffa's personal assurance that the resources of the Teamster international will be available to stop Smith. The Teamsters' treasury reserves exceed fifty million dollars. The purse of Smith's Brotherhood, at the end of 1958 held assets totaling \$986,000. "We're not unaware of the tremendous power behind the Teamsters, but we're not afraid of it," says Don Secord, the brotherhood's treasurer. "The only way we will ever succeed over men like Hoffa and Banks is by retaining our ideals. We cannot meet them on a business basis."

Some leaders in Canadian management suspect that a victory for Smith over Banks and Hoffa would bring with it an even tougher brand of unionism. If Smith won the bargaining rights for this country's sailors and truck drivers, he would be able to shake a very heavy club indeed at the public, and he's not a man above shaking clubs. Smith and Frank Hall were labor negotiators in the con-



ing, before he arrived here from the U.S. in 1949. He came with the government's blessing to displace the Communist-dominated Canadian Seamen's Union, then staging a trade-crippling world strike against this country's merchant fleet. Banks won out over the Communists but imposed his own kind of iron rule on the union. During the past decade his stormy career has included a conviction for smuggling; he was recently denied Canadian citizenship.

Banks runs his union from an office which occupies the entire top story of the Seafarers' headquarters in downtown Montreal. It's paneled in subdued woods and looks like a Hollywood set for a film about Wall Street tycoons. By contrast, Smith does most of his work in modest quarters at his brotherhood's Ottawa headquarters, perched on an ancient leather chair, his one-hundred-and-fifty-three-pound frame too short for his legs to reach the floor. He is apologetic to almost everybody, except when he gets excited. Then he trots about the office and, punctuating his remarks with muffled exclamations of "By Jesus!", intones long harangues about the evils of corruption in management and rival unions. "We're not shining knights," he admits. "But faced with the choice of being inactive or taking up a position against people like Banks and Hoffa, there is only one choice we can make."

A less idealistic but equally compelling reason for Smith's current attack on Banks is that the brotherhood has been



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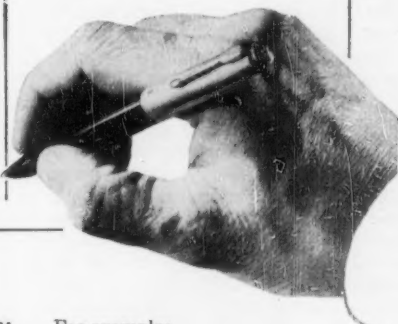
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## Bill Smith says: "Of course we should be more powerful than management"

tract wrangle that culminated in the nine-day railway strike of August, 1950. The dispute, involving a ten-cent-per-hour wage raise and a reduction to the forty-hour week cost the railways an estimated forty million dollars and came close to paralyzing the country's economy. Six hundred Alberta oil wells had to be capped and thirteen thousand Nova Scotia coal miners laid off because the freights weren't running. Food had to be barged into Victoria, sugar was rationed in Halifax and a mercy train with medical supplies was sent to isolated Atikokan, in northern Ontario.

Smith is currently involved in negotiations with the CNR that could lead to a strike vote—the sixth since the war.

While fighting Banks and Hoffa is taking up much of Smith's time and energy, his main concern remains the relationship between his brotherhood and the CNR. During their contract talks, Smith and Donald Gordon, the CNR president, often have strained each other's tempers to the point of desk-thumping, but there is, beneath their incompatibility of purpose, enormous mutual respect. "I have a high regard for Smith, especially for his integrity in holding true to his undertakings," Gordon admits.

"I don't give a damn whether management likes me, but I do like to feel that I command their respect," says Smith. "Gordon has been as fair and understanding as possible in exceedingly difficult circumstances."

Unlike most union leaders in affected industries, Smith does not oppose automation; provided some way is found of spreading its benefits to laid-off workers through re-establishment aid. When the growth of the brotherhood recently brought the need to expand the head office accounting system, Smith installed IBM machines instead of hiring the eighteen clerks that would have been required.

To help his rank and file understand the social implications of such forces as automation, Smith budgets one sixth of the union's total revenues for the operation of an active education department. Five full-time brotherhood employees work with the education committees set up in every local. Half the cost of any book on labor-management that a brotherhood member wishes to buy is paid by head office. This stress on education reflects Smith's feeling of inadequacy over having left public school at Oakville, Ont., without completing Grade VI.

At thirteen Smith became a five-dollar-a-week messenger boy for the Union Bank, in Toronto. Two years later, he joined the Grand Trunk Railway (now part of the CNR) as an engine wiper.

On his fifteenth birthday his sister introduced him to a hosiery mill sorter named Jane Ward, whom he married four years later. They rented a small apartment and had a child, then without warning Smith was laid off.

Although the railway rehired Smith eighteen months later, this experience with unemployment turned him into a militant unionist. "For the first time," he recalls, "I had the feeling of belonging to a class of society—the working class, and, as such, I felt that we had to organize, because we were being exploited."

During eighteen years with the CNR, Smith never rose any higher than a stores clerk; partly because he was devoting most of his energies to union activities,

In 1942, A. R. Mosher, the outspoken labor leader who had headed the brotherhood since its formation at a Moncton Oddfellows' Hall in 1908, hired Smith at one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month as a full-time organizer in charge of the Maritime region. His first major assignment was to enlist the drivers of the three bus lines which brought most of the workers to the Halifax dockyards. He signed up the men, but when management refused to negotiate, pulled them off their jobs, effectively tying up most of the city's essential war work. The British Admiralty complained to the Canadian government, and Prime Minister Mackenzie King ordered Mosher to get the drivers back into the buses. Mosher agreed but could not reach Smith to relay the message. "I didn't want to be in a position of disobeying, so I disappeared," Smith recalls. He hid in his room at the Nova Scotian Hotel without answering Mosher's many calls. Two days later, when the bus-company owners capitulated to his demands, he phoned Mosher.

"Get those men back!" Mosher spat into the long-distance wire.

"They're back," Smith calmly replied.

"What did you get?"

"All we wanted."

"Good boy."

Smith later organized employees of Ottawa's Chateau Laurier Hotel and became the union's chief negotiator with the CNR. He was elected to the Brotherhood's twelve-thousand-dollar-a-year presidency in 1955, following the sudden death of H. A. Chappell, the Winnipeg freight clerk who had succeeded Mosher. The brotherhood's 1955 and 1958 conventions confirmed the election without opposition. "Smith is popular in the sense that nobody could beat him for the presidency," says brotherhood treasurer Don Secord, "but you'd have great difficulty in finding a member of the union who knew him well enough to like him in a personal sense."

Smith does not drink or dance, and often manages to book himself on an out-of-town business trip to avoid office parties. He takes no vacations, but does spend frequent three-day weekends fish-

ing at a friend's North Bay cabin. Gardening about his seventeen-thousand-dollar bungalow in Ottawa's Elmvale Acres is his only hobby. He reads at least three books a week, and watches the Friday night television fights to provide subject matter for his painfully forced small talk.

Smith has arranged for the brotherhood's annual staff meetings to be held at Chateau Montmorency, the Dominican monastery near Quebec City run by Father Lévesque, the former dean of Laval University's School of Social Sciences, because "it has the proper atmosphere of dedication."

Smith claims labor should be more active in politics. On his orders, the meetings of brotherhood locals begin with the senior executive present reciting aloud Article II of the union's constitution which states that one of the organization's basic aims is "... to support the principle that our country's natural resources and means of production should be developed primarily for the satisfaction of human needs, rather than for private profit."

### Why cynics mock him

This incantation embodies Smith's political beliefs. He is disillusioned with the CCF because he claims it has failed to attract a significant representation of the labor and agricultural vote, but believes his objectives could be achieved by the new political party now being organized by Stanley Knowles, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labor Congress.

Smith's professions of idealism are mocked by the more cynical leaders of Canadian labor, but intensely admired by those who work for him. Harry Crowe, the history professor who resigned from United College in Winnipeg in a row with its principal that caused such a stir in Canada's academic world last winter, recently joined the brotherhood as director of research. "The final reason why I decided to come to the brotherhood rather than to continue the academic life," he says, "was that I was so impressed by the dedication of Bill Smith."

J. C. Weldon, a McGill University professor who specializes in labor relations, describes Smith and his brotherhood as "models of what a union and its leadership should be in a period when there is corruption in some factions of organized labor."

Smith contends that too many unions are now being operated by their executives as profitable business organizations. "When unions become big business and not social movements," he says, "it becomes a question whether or not they should continue at all." At the same time, Smith is appalled by charges that organized labor has grown too big and too powerful. "Of course we should be more powerful than management," he insists. "We speak for more people. In a democracy, the thought that millions of workers are less powerful than a handful of bosses ought to be disturbing to everyone."

The realization of Smith's own ambitions for greater power depend on the outcome of his current struggle with Hal Banks. The fight has been a violent one.

Maclem Carson, the six-foot, two-hundred-pound former hockey referee who was the brotherhood's chief west-coast organizer, claims several of the SIU seamen who switched to the brotherhood have been savagely beaten up. Three limousines full of Bank's organizers were apprehended by the Vancouver police last July on their way to a gathering of Seafarers who had voted to join the brotherhood. A search of the cars revealed a shotgun, half a dozen sawed-off baseball bats and two bicycle chains. Eight of the men were convicted of possessing weapons for a purpose dangerous to the public peace, and five were sentenced to two months in jail. "There's no question," says Carson, the brotherhood organizer, "that the Seafarers would like to see the law of the jungle replace our civilized way."

"We don't operate on violence," Hal Banks retorts. "Thirteen of our guys have gone into hospital, but not through violence on our part."

Banks accuses Smith of using Communists and Communist tactics in his raids on the Seafarers. Two of the brotherhood's temporary organizers admit they sold subscriptions for the Communist Pacific Tribune a few years ago, but insist they have long since broken all connections with the party.

Smith reduces all of the issues between himself and Banks to what he calls "the difference between a democratic union and gangster dictatorship." The final authority in both Banks's union and the brotherhood is exercised through local meetings, but the Seafarers' constitution provides for the establishment of "emergency" committees empowered to act on behalf of the members. This, and many other practices, the brotherhood charges, has allowed Banks and his executives to circumvent the wishes of the rank and file. The brotherhood also claims that the Seafarers are forced to pay dues that can total as much as one hundred and eighty-eight dollars a year for a new member, while the brotherhood's dues are a straight three dollars a month. Bank insists that the higher charges are made necessary by the special characteristics of a maritime union.

In the months ahead both sides in the waterfront vendetta between Smith and Banks may be using increasingly rougher tactics. Once again Canada's seamen are the pawns in a feud that could paralyze our much-vaunted Seaway and leave the export goods on which our economic welfare depends rotting on the docks. ★





# Mailbag continued from page 4

## ✓ Burn Lady Chatterley? The battle still rages

### ✓ "No wonder stenographers are hard to find"

**YOUR EDITORIAL** (Nov. 21) is titled: "If we burn Lady Chatterley, why not the Bobbsey Twins?" Well why not? When you drink water, you want it pure don't you? Why not literature? During the Victorian era and later, publishers only published for the benefit of the public good and I think you'll agree they were a better breed than we have today . . . —CHARLES WILSON, ALMONTE, ONT.

✓ Your editorial is one of the sanest comments on censorship that I've read in a long time. I'm particularly enthusiastic about this paragraph: "Keep him from Lady Chatterley's Lover by all means. Keep him, particularly, from the new, unexpurgated edition which might tempt him to read, at the age of seventeen or fifty-five, the same four-letter words he was writing on walls and fences at seven or eight!" Bravo, bravo, bravo! —ALDEN A. NOWLAN, HARTLAND, N.B.

✓ . . . something I had been hoping to read for many a year. If we have to have censorship, let's deal with all the evil influences, not just pick out the naughty ones. —R. H. CORBETT, MONTREAL.

✓ Journalistic logic has struck a new low when it can suggest that harm has been accomplished by the Alger books, Elsie books, etc., and recommend burning them in addition to Lady Chatterley. What a world it would be if you had your way—nothing but filthy books, violent drama, and a sweeping away of all religion. —A. L. WILSON, TORONTO.

✓ I read the now well-publicized Lady Chatterley's Lover a number of years ago and again recently. I fail to see why there is so much shouting from so many self-appointed censors. As you so aptly concluded, why not burn (or ban) all books? Have these smug protectors of



the nation's moral well-being ever read Madame Bovary? Or The King of Paris? Or Something of Value? Or Native Son? Or bits of Robbie Burns? Have they read John Hersey's The War Lover? Lawrence's effort is a closer approach to literature. —A. F. MCKENZIE, NEPEAWA, MAN.

✓ Why has Lady Chatterley thrown you off your rocker to such wild and unreasonable utterings? Your suggestion that "if book-burning makes any sense at all, the only sensible end is to burn all books" is far below your intellectual plane. It makes no more sense than to suggest that we abolish all prisons, or else imprison everyone. Some books should be enthusiastically boosted for universal reading; some should be banned. —W. RALPH WHARTON, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

✓ If it does come to the general book-burning that you so facetiously suggest as "the only sensible end," your editorial

will be safe. It's all wet. —R. J. TODD, TERRACE BAY, ONT.

✓ A sensible form of censorship of literature is necessary. Preferably this should be done by the editors and publishers themselves. We must make a stand somewhere along the line in today's demand for and creeping tendencies toward immoral literature . . . If we allow these four-letter words to be printed in our approved literature then the next demand might come from certain photographers who would claim to have just as much right to print these words as photographs. Freedom is what we want, but I feel it should be a freedom based on protection from evil and not a freedom based on the protection from that which is good. —HERMAN SCHNEIDER, KINGSTON, ONT.

✓ . . . insulting to members of all faiths and as a Christian I am offended and disgusted. —DR. MARY CHILDS, HUDSON, P.Q.

✓ Refreshing . . . —F. H. STAVEMAN, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ I quite agree. —MRS. MICHEL JOLIVET, SHAWINIGAN FALLS, P.Q.

### Plankton, anyone?

Franklin Russell's, Can Science Win The Coming Battle Against Starvation? (Nov. 7), makes the simple mistake of becoming so fascinated with man's stomach as to forget his soul. Better by far that science should lose the "coming battle." . . . Who would choose to live in a world where movement is restricted by the press of numbers, where freedom is the freedom to choose (if you're lucky) between algal goo and plankton paste for lunch? . . . Is this the goal of enlightened man? At this time the effort would be far better spent in the battle to stabilize population . . . The battle against overpopulation is a battle to preserve the better human values. —JAMES D. AITKEN, CALGARY, ALTA.

### Our failing stenos

Pardon me while I weep! Calgary's expelled laziest students are now, and I quote (Backstage, Nov. 21) "truck drivers, clerks, oil-rig roughnecks, waitresses and stenographers." Little wonder it is well-nigh impossible to find clerical help if it is the view of the teaching profession that failures, nit-wits and meat-heads are suitable material for "stenographers." —MRS. G. B. PHILO, WINNIPEG.

### The "hoodooed" Titanic

I was greatly interested in the article, I Watched the Titanic Rescue (Nov. 21) because I watched the Titanic launching at Harland and Wolff's shipyard in Belfast, Northern Ireland. As Joseph Baxhall says, "She was hoodooed from the beginning." She sure was, for as far as I can remember they tried two or three times before she was launched as she sank in the slip. —WILLIAM MCCORD, CORNWALL, ONT.

## MacLennan's Fraser—and Smith's

I wish to compliment you on your recent Rivers of Canada article: The Fraser (Nov. 21). Having seen a good deal of the Fraser, I was able to appreciate Hugh MacLennan's glowing description of it. The illustrations by Gordon Smith portrayed perfectly the great river in all her moods . . . —J. H. MONTGOMERY, VANCOUVER.

✓ I have just read the most excellent article by MacLennan. To my mind, nothing excels it save the book by Bruce Hutchison. But what happened to your illustrations? This mish-mash of daubery that you have cast across otherwise good pages is of the lowest order, and is far from being a compliment to the river or anything else. —REV. J. N. ALLAN, NEWTON STATION, B.C.

✓ How crazy can you people get? You hire an outstanding Canadian author to write about the Fraser. Then you pay Gordon Smith to sabotage the former's work. Run him in under cover and hire



an ordinary cameraman to show Canadians how the Fraser really does look. —ROBERT MARSHALL, VICTORIA, B.C.

✓ Too bad school history books weren't that interesting because if they were I am sure many more of us would have learned more about Canada. —ERIC M. GOODFELLOW, PRINCETON, B.C.

✓ Smith's paintings are breathtaking — magnificent. —MRS. R. J. ARMSTRONG, ROSSLAND, B.C.

### Football: for birds or juveniles?

I can agree with a lot of what Frank Fredrickson says in The Grey Cup — and Football—are strictly for the Birds (Nov. 21). He would have had an excellent article if he had confined his remarks to the Grey Cup game and not run down football. As it is, he has to condemn everything like a politician and hence he irritates. —ROBERT G. GLADISH, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

✓ I would like to ask Fredrickson if two NHL hockey teams could draw over sixteen thousand fans to a game played outdoors in seven-degree weather with a twenty-mile-an-hour wind blowing? If ever a game was a social event it is the Saturday night game played in Maple Leaf Gardens. —L. M. GILLIES, CALGARY.

✓ It is quite unnecessary to be anti-football to agree with the excellent argument of Frank Fredrickson. The phrases "mob hysteria" and "emotional orgy" sum up the attitude of the football fans truthfully and adequately. Carried on by supposedly mature people of both sexes, football permeates the world of juveniles, who grow up believing such fanatic idolatry is not only the "thing to do" but that it is quite clever to be one of them. —R. C. BARNARD, LONDON, ONT.

✓ . . . I fail to understand why one should sit shivering watching a lot of billygoats butting each other in the mud. —J. H. KIRKWOOD, WINDSOR, ONT. ★

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# CHATELAIN

*The Canadian Home Journal*

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## Parade

### A quick way to get a compact car

Sign writers for the Ontario department of highways are getting real cozy. Now when they want to funnel you down from two lanes to one they urge "Squeeze into line."

\* \* \*

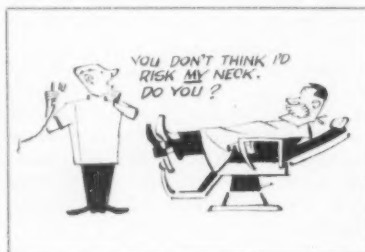
A toy "Electronic - Powered TV and Radio Station," all for \$1.77, was obviously the ideal Christmas gift for the seven-year-old of a Calgary family. When it turned out to be an assemble-it-yourself rig it was the ideal gift for father, too, and he could hardly wait for junior to go to bed the night it arrived so he could get at it. Out of the box came the cabinet of the set plus a paper bag supposed to contain the parts; but out of the bag came two half-eaten sandwiches, a piece of cake and a brown banana peel. The store that sold it made good, of course, but all the clerk would say when confronted with the evidence was: "I didn't do it—I didn't do it!"

\* \* \*

A friend back east mailed a letter to a young minister who had recently moved west, addressing it to "Endurance, Sask." It arrived okay, after some cunning post-office detective had written across the envelope, "Try Endeavour."

\* \* \*

A barber on Mount Pleasant Road in Toronto, who still caters appreciatively to those unreconstructed Canadian males



who insist on coming in to be shaved with a straight razor, can occasionally be seen standing in his own shop window shaving himself — with an electric.

\* \* \*

Ottawa broke out with a new series of street signs a while back, all identical and baffling: "Stop moved."

\* \* \*

It never pays to treat old saws lightly. That one about proud as a you-know-what got thoroughly reconfirmed recently when a spy of ours in Vancouver's Stanley Park spotted two peacocks preening themselves in front of individual mirrors . . . the shiny chrome hubcaps of a late-model car.

A Toronto mother was trundling a baby carriage across the street and trying to keep track of a wandering four-year-old at the same time. The boy spotted an open manhole and instantly darted toward it, until mother yanked him back, shouting "Come away from that dirty old manhole." And just as



quickly a workman thrust himself up through the hole and shouted back, "I'll have you know this is a clean old manhole."

\* \* \*

It's getting so a poor unsuspecting inebriate can't even trust a taxi to get him home safely. This unfortunate Edmonton celebrant hailed a cab to take him home but landed in jail. Trouble was he fell asleep without giving the cabbie his address; when the cabbie left his car to telephone for advice another fellow climbed in and asked the snoozing one to give him a ride home. The inebriate revived long enough to say hospitably "Drive yourself home!" The newcomer did, but he barely made it before they both landed in jail, one charged with car theft, the other intoxication.

\* \* \*

We have settled on our favorite headline of 1959. We wish we'd been the desk man on the Halifax Mail-Star who got the chance to write:

**SORRY HE SHOT MYRTLE  
THOUGHT IT WAS HIS WIFE**

\* \* \*

Campuses are taking on a new look with ivy-covered walls giving way to glass walls, but all the professors haven't been updated. One of the old absent-minded variety walked right through a glass wall at Ottawa's Carleton University, mistaking it for a door. Only his dignity was shattered, and it didn't mend any faster after some wag taped a notice over the jagged hole, "This entrance reserved for members of staff only."

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